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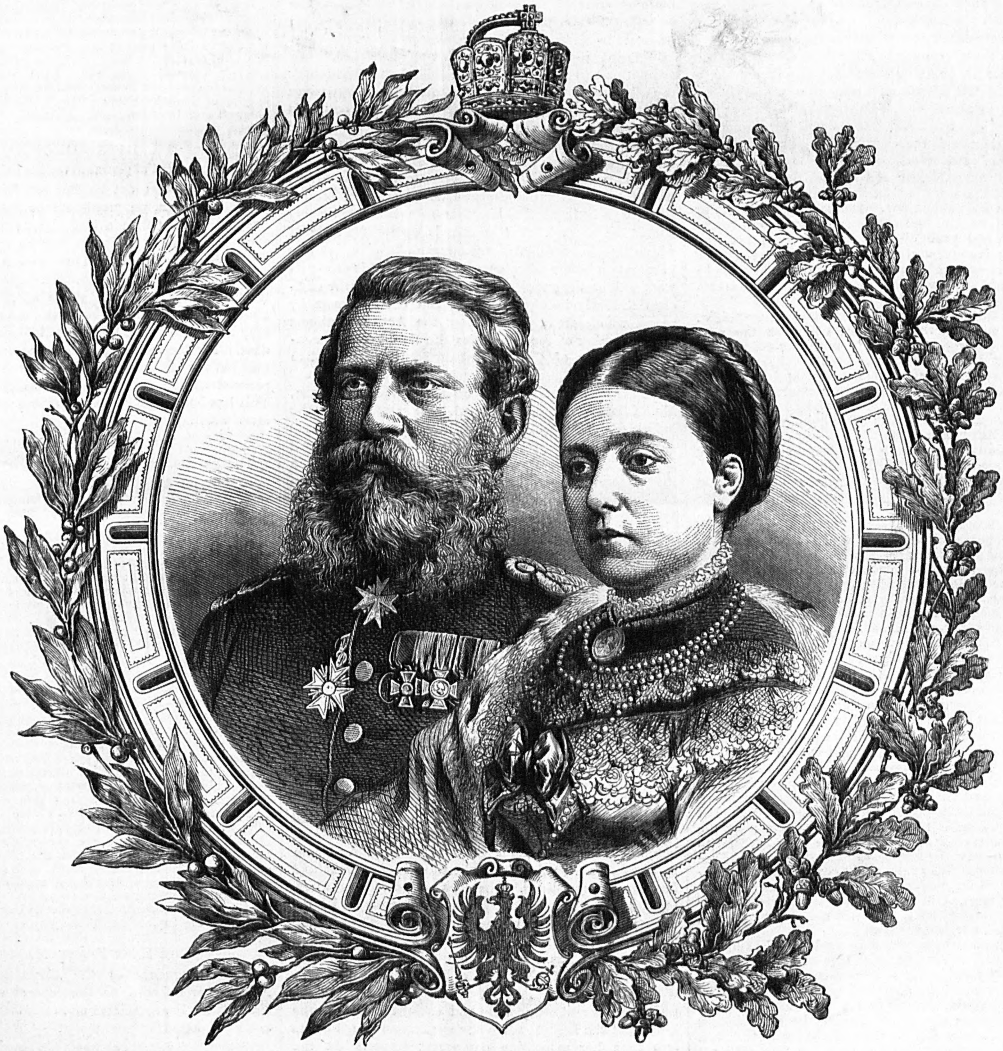


Friedrich Wilhelm Kronprinz Victoria

FREE TRADE IN BOOKS.

MAY we hope that the Washington Treaty will be followed by some sort of honest agreement between Great Britain and the United States on a few other outstanding questions? Let us name one. There is the international copyright law. Our cousins treat us very unkindly and very unfairly in that matter.

The popular English novelist, as a rule, finds his art so profitable that, though he knows he is not dealt justly with by the Americans, who take his books almost without acknowledgment and read them, he does not care to occupy the apparently invidious position of an appellant for more pay abroad in addition to the handsome price he receives at home. But there are many highly useful and important works, which cost the author a vast amount of time and labour, for which the select but small circle of English readers is not enough to remunerate the writer for his trouble and expenditure of thought and learning. In truth, in a hundred ways our literature is getting into an unhealthy and unsatisfactory state for lack of a right understanding with our American cousins. Every Englishman who writes ought to be able to feel that there is a constituency for him on the other side of the Atlantic if the list of readers is not large enough here. There would be more breadth of thought and a more brotherly and cosmopolitan feeling if that were so. We should study their literature more closely and make ourselves better acquainted with the conditions of their life and thought.

The English reading public and the publishing class have come now to be a sort of close corporation, in something like a conspiracy against the author. Our public library system is being overworked. It will not do to print and circulate a book at a price that would yield a fair profit upon a sale such as the work deserves; for twenty or thirty thousand readers will read about a couple of thousand copies from the libraries, and a circulation of two thousands at a moderate price will not pay the publisher and the author. So a fancy price is put upon the work; but the proprietor of the library pays no fancy price. He gets his hundred, or five hundred, or thousand copies for a sum which represents but a small profit over the cost of production, and the comparatively few readers who purchase the book have to make up for the hardness of the bargain between producers and consumers in all the other departments of the business.

A vast increase in the numbers of the reading public, which will come, perhaps, in the course of the next quarter of a century, will tend to remove the evils of this system; but in the meanwhile both Englishmen and Americans, readers and writers, would find the whole conditions of Anglo-Saxon literature improved by the introduction of an international copyright convention. The arrangement need not materially increase the cost of good English books in the States. Our cousins would have it within their power to regulate the price set by our authors upon their works. It could be stipulated that the copyright of an English book that was not produced in America within a given time by arrangement with the writer should become public property in that country. This would bring the parties quickly to terms, and the competition between publishers would sufficiently protect the author's interest. On the other hand, the corresponding protection of the copyright of American works in Great Britain would give a great impulse and encouragement to authorship in the States. At present Americans mostly write for a particular and rather narrow circle of readers at home. We foresee immense advantages likely to follow from the temptation offered to men of the highest intelligence in the States to write at once for English and for American readers.

We are told that the chief difficulty in the way of an international copyright between England and the United States does not rest with the book trade. It is a matter of ordinary Protection. The American politician does not so much mind paying for copyright, but he is opposed to the importation of ready-made books into the States. He wants his own countrymen to make the paper, to set up the type, and to print, bind, and prepare the work for the market. We regret the short-sighted policy of looking at the subject in that narrow fashion; but the interests of literature are such that we cannot afford to wait until the great dispute between Protection and Free Trade is settled. Why can we not come to a temporary compromise on the subject? Let them give us an international copyright law, and we shall be willing to allow them to reprint our books. We will not attempt to send them over half our editions bodily.

Of course the whole of the ground is old, and the arguments are all threadbare. This subject has been discussed off and on for a generation, and again and again has the cup of promise been held to our lips, to be dashed away again, leaving us athirst. But a time has come at last when the question might be reconsidered with a fairer chance of settlement than any that has happened in our time. Brother Jonathan knows that it is a thing we have set our heart upon, and he has it in his power to do us a good turn at no cost to himself, but rather to his own advantage. We have, by the testimony of spectators, gone a long way out of our path in order to settle a cause of quarrel, and we have the right to ask something at his hands.

Would not this be a seasonable moment for the formation of an Anglo-American International Copyright League? Leagues have wrought great results in other fields of labour; why should this be an exception? The whole fraternity of authors, a great many publishers, and a hearty band of politicians on the other side of the Atlantic would co-operate with such a league, and before the settlement of the *Alabama* claims under the Washington Treaty we might be in possession of the long-desired boon.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

THE SCHOOL BOARD.

IDLERS in London on a Wednesday afternoon, having no stranger's ticket for the gallery of the House of Commons, should drop in at the Guildhall during the meeting of the School Board for London. They would see and hear some celebrities, and the chances are that they would be present during the discussion of one of the many knotty points of the Elementary Education Act.

The study is well worth an hour or two. There is Lord Lawrence in the chair; an historic character in this nineteenth century. He has been through some very hard and trying experiences in the service of Old England on the other side of the world. He is a true specimen of the British veteran. A man of rare experience; a man who has acted in emergencies which are the crises of history—and yet so modest. The visitor is struck, above all else, by his modesty, his carefulness, his deliberation, his anxiety to steer clear of the shoals and quicksands which surround him in this rather perilous arena. He betrays a little want of readiness at times in dealing with the forms and formalities of debate. The momentous question whether or not a certain amendment is *en règle* or informal, or whether or not a subject is absolutely closed by the adoption or rejection of a given resolution, perplexes him sometimes. He cannot pounce on a member with the unanswerable dictum of the Speaker of the House of Commons, leaving nothing more to be said and no further question to be raised. He has none of that cold impassibility. There is in his composition no element of indifference in relation to the topics which are discussed. His sympathies are palpable on one side of the question or the other, and very keen. In himself he is impatient and worried by certain lines of argument, though his feeling does not practically influence his manner of fulfilling the impartial functions of the chairman. To himself, we believe, the course that ought to be pursued by the London School Board in carrying out the provisions of the Act is very definite and distinct, and it seems, perhaps, a little hard to him that so much controversy should be needed. Yet he stands up for the body of which he is the president if anybody attacks it, and is ready to maintain before all comers that the Board is doing its work well and expeditiously, and is not open to the criticism so freely indulged in outside the board-room by people who know very little about the Act, and almost nothing either of the difficulties the Board has to contend with, or of the amount of actual work it has accomplished.

On the Chairman's right hand sits the Vice-Chairman, Mr. Charles Reed, the cool, the systematic, the judicious. This gentleman seems to hold the threads—the warp and woof—whereof the business of the Board is wrought. His personal influence is not greater than that of many other members; but he takes care that in the heat of conflict the little essentials of the transactions to be carried out at a particular time are not neglected. Decided as are his opinions on many points, he is not excited or nervous when the scale turns against him. He does not even attempt to struggle against the tide. He sees and knows when a point is irrevocably gone against him, and lets it go. We want a few more men of that stamp. There is, somehow, a growing tendency in these days to be intolerant of opposition, and to refuse to yield to superior force until every contrivance has been strained to the uttermost in defence of a lost position. There are voices, perhaps, that carry more weight in a keen conflict of argument and authority than his; but his calmness, his judiciousness, his conciliatory address, and his readiness to give and take, are qualities that are and ought to be rated high.

On this same seat, on the Chairman's left hand, usually sit Mrs. Garrett-Anderson and Miss Davies—good friends and co-workers in this great task, but not moving quite in the same track, and not professing to be quite partisans in the same ranks. Mrs. Anderson is, so to speak, on the top of the wave in all great and far-reaching questions. She does not go to those meetings as a humble working member, prepared to let the strong tide of controversy on matters of high principle pass unheeded by her. Whether she speaks or is silent, one knows she has a conspicuous place in every debate which moves the feelings and opinions and aspirations of parties. She is, in fact, in the front rank of the philosophers and economists and social theorists of the time. Yet she is quiet when she speaks, and dogmatises less than her masculine compeers; imports not the remotest suspicion of the hysteric element even into the warmest discussion; reasons like a seer, and states the results of her observations of life and character, and the wants of the age, in fine crystal epigrams. And, for all this, there is nothing stolid or unimpressionable, nothing of mere unchangeable persistency, in the temperament of this lady. Among the gentlemen there are excitable members of the Board whose excitability is obvious in every word they utter in the warmth of debate. Well, as a matter of temperament this lady is beyond question excitable; but she knows how to control her feelings, and can afford to smile at the not very well regulated earnestness of some of the masculine speakers around her, whether they be on her own side or against her. Miss Davies, sitting next her, is the representative of the philanthropic element as distinct from that of the social philosopher. Her mind and thoughts and feelings are among the children. She sits in this place in the juvenile interest against parents, and ratepayers, and School Board, and Government if necessary. She knows what is good for them, and what will tell upon them, and she has, moreover, a comprehensive notion of the extent of the work to be performed, and of the conditions under which it is possible to do it. This lady wants to see the schools open, and the children learning, and she wishes to be among them, assuring herself that the right principle is being adopted, and, above all, that the right spirit moves the labours of those who are entrusted with this serious responsibility.

But in one day we have not time to gossip with the visitor about all the chief characters in this important assembly, and we will take the idler by the button-hole on some other occasion and make a further survey of the board-room.

THE CLOSING OF THE ACADEMY.

Now that the doors of the great picture-show in Piccadilly are closed, and the last words of the critics and the judges are being set down, we discover a rather strong disposition to condemn the exhibition by reason of the excess of portraits. The feeling of this class of reviews is expressed in the following paragraph cut from the London letter of the *Sheffield Times*:—

> It was a singularly poor exhibition, which is not surprising when we remember how more and more these annual shows are becoming advertising mediums for portrait painters. It does not go now that a portrait is not a picture, but amongst the dozens of portraits on the walls this year there was not one that was not ugliness personified. Upon what principle these wretched portraits of Timothy Snooks, Esq., with a gun and a dog, or of Timothy Snooks, Esq.'s, children with their hair chopped over their foreheads, or Timothy Snooks, Esq.'s, lady in highly coloured arms and shoulders, should be selected, one knows not, except that the worthy band of R.A.'s, with Sir F. Grant at their head, resolve to help each other in letting the public see the kind of portraits they can paint.

This idea must not be run too hard. There were, beyond question, an inordinate number of portraits in the gallery; but then a large proportion of them were very good ones. It is not fair to speak of them as "ugliness personified." There were beautiful faces and figures charmingly painted. There were, at the same time, some very moderate works of this character, and about midway, perhaps, between the best and the worst, may be placed those by the amiable and gifted president. For the rest, it is not easy to deny the statement that but very few pictures remain upon the memory, impressed at the time by their remarkable excellence. This has been a year of distractions. We hope to see more startling works in 1872.

THE POPULAR "CASUAL."

The gentleman whose letter we have quoted above adds a capital anecdote to the history of the "vagabond" whose "confessions" are just going the round of the papers. He says:—

> George Brine, whose amusing letter constitutes the "confession," was well known to me when a boy, and I think I can tell you a little more about him. Vagrant though he was, he was a general favourite; his wit, his audacity, and his cleverness making him the best tolerated outcast in the country. It was his pride to say that he was no thief, well acquainted as he was with the insides of gaols all over the country. He hardly does himself justice in his "confessions," for he had some peculiar notions of honour which he never violated. He was a sort of Bamfylde Moore Carew, and carried mendicancy to a high artistic pitch. The unkindness of an ill-tempered mistress first caused him to kick over the traces. He used to stop the rector of the town—a generally-disliked man—and, addressing him familiarly as "Jack," chaff him unmercifully. The rector sent for him one day, and lectured him upon his evil ways. Brine said he would turn over a new leaf on one condition. The rev. gentleman, beholding by the eye of faith an interesting convert, hastened to learn the condition. Brine, standing ragged, shirtless, shoeless, and dirty in the study, which opened into the garden, replied, "Jack, you must give me your daughter." The parson, in his rage, leaped to his feet and snatched up a cane, whereupon Brine, with capitally simulated fright, dashed through the window into the garden, shouting murder and help, all the while rushing over the flower-beds, smashing his cucumber-frames and hand-glasses, and never stopping his career of destruction while a flower remained untrampled and unbroken. The rector's favourite garden in the very bloom of the season was wrecked. Brine received a month's imprisonment, but the exploit was thoroughly enjoyed by the townspeople.

THE LATE FRANK MATTHEWS.

A correspondent of the *Birmingham Morning News*, after referring to the funeral of the lamented Frank Matthews, relates of the favourite and popular actor the following neat story:—

> When Charles Mathews (there was no relation whatever between Charles and Frank) had the Lyceum Theatre, Frank Matthews was one of the leading members of his company. Charles was in debt everywhere; I do not think Frank was ever in debt to anybody in his life. Frank's habits were regular, and amongst others of them one was specially characteristic. Exactly at half-past eight o'clock every night the pot-boy of a neighbouring tavern brought him a pint of stout in a pewter pot. This vessel was deposited at the door of his dressing-room. Charles found out his good friend's simple luxury. One night, meeting the pot-boy on the stairs, he stopped him, took the pewter pot from his hand, and said he would deliver it to Mr. Matthews. Charles was a good mimic. He tapped at Frank's door, and with a voice as much like the pot-boy's as possible, said, "Please, I've brought the stout." Frank replied, "Well, put it down at the door." Charles rejoined, "Master said I wasn't to leave it without the money." Frank recognised his manager, and shrewdly answered, "Oh, then you made a mistake. It's not for me, it's for Mr. Charles Mathews."

COUNTRY LIFE.

The Assizes.

The Judges are in the country. Instead of coming from the great metropolis, where they have, since last assizes, been associated with all that is modern and all that is most characteristic of the nineteenth century, we might imagine their learned and august lordships to have stepped out of an old statute book or a black-letter volume. They carry with them a unique suggestion of the manners and feelings of the past, whithersoever they go. If you live in an assize town or travel to one at this season you are led almost to doubt whether the times have not slipped backwards. It is not by reason of any ancient pageantry. Much of the outward ceremony of the occasion is abolished. The street processions of the Judges are now not very significant. First the splendour and pomp were put an end to, and then the quaintness. But these reforms, which have been introduced in deference to what is described as the practical spirit of the age, have really not made much alteration in the spirit which possesses the public mind at assize time. The Judge may arrive by Parliamentary train if he pleases, and walk up into the town arm-in-arm with the Sheriff; he may avail himself of the Sheriff's carriage, or ride in a brougham, or hire a cab; but if we happen to see him we shall look upon him as if he were a picture in our school lesson-book of English history. We have seen a Justice or a Chief Justice amble into an assize town on the back of a cob, borrowed at a gentleman's country seat a few miles away; we have seen him strolling through the streets from the station with as near a resumption of the free-and-easy pedestrian manner that was his when he was a barrister on circuit as it was possible to assume; and we have seen him sustaining his part in a procession which, though modern in its general character, was sufficiently imposing to remind the older inhabitants of the assize town of scenes of old times; and, however he has come, he has seemed for the season to change the moral atmosphere of the town from that of to-day to that of a few generations agone. It must be that certain states of feeling in the public mind with respect to sovereignty, authority, rank, the dignity of the law, and the like, come and go in the course of ages, or we could not have reminiscences of almost effete sentiments thus brought back to us by the accident of association.

It is worth while to note the manner in which certain classes of men among whom time-honoured reverences live longest, grow active and prominent, and, in a mild sort of way, jubilant on the recurrence of the assizes. To them the advertisement of the opening of the Commission is as the seal on a Royal Charter. These good and true British subjects perform various parts in connection with the business of the assize very religiously. Some will be in possession of the latest information as to the time when the Judges will arrive. Some will under no circumstances fail to witness the passing of the Sheriff's carriage through the streets. Then there are those who are certain to attend church on the preaching of the assize sermon. And what a chapter out of past annals is this service in the presence of the Judges, in the church which stands highest in official honour in the town! We would have a genuine and earnest-minded English Republican there to note the features of the occasion, and to reflect upon the character and sentiments of his fellow countrymen. Would he not acknowledge that there is a spirit yet living in the national character which cannot be measured and provided for by any modern and advanced political rule and compasses? Here are the Judges in wigs and robes and ermine. Here is the Right Worshipful the Mayor in civic attire, which is a remnant of ancient history. Here are maces and gold chains, and precedence, and formalities which somehow kindle an old flame in the English heart; and if all these things were taken away from us, would there not be a certain secret mourning for things which are no more—things wherein there was some element of vitality not worthy to be contemptuously ignored?

And then there is the opening of the Commission. Perhaps not more than two or three inhabitants of an assize town in every ten thousand ever witnessed this peculiar ceremony; but there are those who will not fail to be present. Three or four spectators are seen in the jury box; perhaps one or two in the prisoners' dock; a sprinkling in the passages—rather more policemen and court officers than mere idlers. The barristers' seats are vacant. Nobody is in his proper place except the Sheriff, the Judge, and the Judge's Associate. His lordship stands by his Bench with a benignant expression on his countenance. Perhaps he is playful, and has a good-humoured remark to make. If this is his first visit he takes a pleasant survey of the court, and makes special mental note of the skylight. He has just left the church and the reaction is upon him. Meanwhile the Sheriff receives from some mysterious source a stout bundle of parchment carefully sealed. This he hands, with a courteous bow, to his lordship, who, in his turn, hands the parcel to his Associate, probably in a jocularly ceremonious fashion. A polite fiction of course exists in the court that the contents of this parchment are unknown till the clerk breaks the seal and reads. The mystery is soon cleared up. It is a beautiful piece of engrossed and illuminated lawyer's writing, and it bears Her Majesty's commands to her liege and faithful servants and commissioners, these two learned Judges, to inquire into the truth of certain complaints and appeals made to Her Majesty by certain of Her Majesty's subjects in that county and assize district. The whole grand and solemn process of law and justice is reduced to a simple and primitive shape in this Commission. It is nothing but a plain intimation that the Sovereign has heard the prayers of certain persons seeking justice, and has thereupon sent down a couple of commissioners in whom she has confidence, to inquire into the facts and allegations, and to see that justice is done. But the very simple and primitive character of the business helps to cast the mantle of old-world feeling and habits of mind over the proceedings.

Reminiscences of incident and of the strange and impressive tone and spirit pervading the substantial business of assize on the days which follow the opening of the Commission crowd upon us, but we have no space now to enter upon a vein of gossip the limit or end of which it is not easy to foresee. The Judges are in the country, and the subject is a very suggestive one to the thoughts of those whose lot has carried them into the way of the transaction of public business in this land.

At the Cefn School Board.

The third schedule of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 contains the following provision:—

> The Board shall, at their first meeting, appoint some person to be chairman, and one other person to be vice-chairman, for the three years for which the Board hold office.

It is evident from the wording of this passage that, supposing a lady to be a member of the Board, that lady is eligible to serve in either of the above offices; for the word "person" contains no limitation of sex; but it is equally evident that the officers to be elected are a "chairman" and a "vice-chairman." Now, on the School Board of Cefn, in Wales, is one Mrs. Crawshay, the wife, we believe, of a landed proprietor of the district, and this lady the members at their first meeting elected to be their chairman. In the interests of grammar, or propriety, or courtesy, a disposition was manifested immediately after the election to speak of Mrs. Crawshay as the "chairwoman;" but the parties were soon set right. The Act of Parliament recognises a chairman, but it contains no such word as "chairwoman;" and it has therefore been found necessary in all official minutes, documents, correspondence, &c., to speak of Mrs. Crawshay as the Chairman of the Cefn Board.

Now this fair chairman at a recent Board meeting made a short speech which for its form, expression, and originality deserves to be quoted before a wider audience than that of a Welsh country newspaper, and therefore we make no apology for introducing it here. The subject under discussion was the reading of the Bible in School Board schools, and this is the speech of Mrs. Crawshay the chairman:—

> I presume we are agreed that our children should be taught that they believe the universe to have been created and to be still guided by an Intelligent Power; that the most profound reverence is due from us to this Master of all worlds; that He is constantly showing us His will through the laws of nature; that the more accurately the child acquaints himself with these laws, and when learnt the more implicitly he obeys them, the greater will assuredly be his happiness here, and presumably also in any future state of existence through which he may be destined to pass when the moment he calls death is over. Shall we not teach him also that long prayers and vain repetitions are to be avoided; that God is best served by a pure and useful life; that work is prayer; that while he does justice, loves mercy, and walks humbly with his God, he does his part in the eternal progress; and to this end shall he not make selections from the Bible which shall inculcate these duties, leaving all controversial parts to be dealt with by his parents, or ministers of their choosing? In trying to secure a future virtuous and enlightened race of citizens, it matters little to us whether to the fundamental truth I propose giving to our children be added, according to the taste of their parents, the information that the Great Power I have named is either to be worshipped under a fourfold aspect, as the Roman Catholics teach, or under a threefold aspect, as the Trinitarians teach. It matters little to us whether the priest shall be dressed in black or in white, in scarlet or in purple—whether sacramental cups or plates shall be raised to a level with the priest's forehead or only as high as his nose, or whether, as some of us may think more sensible, to his mouth only. I venture to say that I hope you will all agree with me such questions are too puerile to occupy a moment's time of a Board pledged, as we are, to carry the lamp of truth, as far as we can attain to truth, into the dark night of ignorance which surrounds us. I shall now move that the religious instruction to be taught in the schools under the authority of the Board shall be limited to learning the Lord's Prayer and reading certain portions of the Bible, from a selection approved by the Board, without note or comment other than grammatical explanations; and the singing of hymns by the hymn-book to be selected by the Board; and that such religious instruction be given before the other studies of the school.

Many will conclude, on reading those observations, that the gentlemen of the Cefn Board did wisely in electing Mrs. Crawshay to be their chairman. There is a fine tone of ability and force of character in the speech which would be found valuable on many another School Board not so fortunate as to possess a lady chairman. We will say no more on the point at issue than is sufficient to set down the fact that Mrs. Crawshay's resolution was "seconded by Mr. D. Watkins, and carried unanimously."

Luxuries and Necessaries.

We have on several occasions illustrated "Country Life" by quoting examples of the economy observed by boards of guardians. We have an interesting instance this week in the proceedings of the Portsea Board. It seems they are furnishing a new board-room, the particulars whereof are thus referred to by the *Hampshire Telegraph*:—

> Then the guardians talked about the new board-room in which they are shortly to assemble. A pleasant room should of course be well furnished; and the guardians have determined that it shall be. Some of the ratepayers may think it will be *too* well supplied. £49 10s. for a table, and twenty-four chairs at 55s. each (to be supplied by Messrs. Wendover and Co.), are certainly startling items for a Board in which there are such professedly rigid economists.

The cost of the furniture ordered for the board-room was £123. It seems that about a month ago an easy-chair was provided for the use of the assistant-matron, at a cost of £3, and it so happens that a guardian named Howell made a speech touching the extravagant expenditure of that £3; and another with regard to the necessary outlay of £123 for the board-room. The local paper we have referred to quotes, side by side, the two speeches. They ran thus:—

> *June 28th.*—He should most certainly and strongly object to the payment of an item of £3 for an easy chair for the assistant-matron. He looked upon the expenditure as both uncalled-for and unnecessary. Just let them fancy £3 for an easy chair for the assistant-matron to recline in! If she were ill he should not object to one being hired for her; but to buy one for her, and to pay £3 for it, he could not stand that at all. He was there as a ratepayer and as a representative of a large body of people who could not pay their rates; and, that being so, he felt that he should not be doing his duty in remaining silent and allowing the bill to be paid, without letting the facts go forth to the public. He (Mr. Howell) thought this expenditure was totally uncalled-for and unnecessary. It was only the other day that £10 was expended in the purchase of a cab for the purpose of bringing small-pox patients to the workhouse, and here was a sum of £3 about to be thrown completely away.
>
> *July 26th.*—He was not in favour of the lavish expenditure of the money of the ratepayers; but he believed that the chairs and tables for the board-room were perfectly necessary, and he should therefore propose that they be provided by Messrs. Wendover and Co. They were about to enter into a new room; and in order that everything might be in keeping with the elegant building they were soon to occupy, he thought they ought to have proper furniture. He moved that Messrs. Wendover's tender at £123 be accepted, as he believed that in the end the best was the cheapest. It would only be in character with the dignity of the office of a guardian of the poor to leave furniture in the board-room worthy of their successors.

Fortunately, it appears that the assistant-matron's easy chair was purchased before Mr. Howell had an opportunity of expressing his opinion. If ten pounds has recently been expended in cabs for bringing small-pox patients to the house, we should imagine that not only the assistant-matron but the nurses must have felt the need sometimes of an easy chair.

The Imperial Prince of Germany.—On our front page we give portraits of the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany. Frederick William has certainly been a hero in the late war. Of his deeds the *Daily Telegraph* says:—"Although he arrived a little late at Sadowa, he was nevertheless just in time. And in this wonderful present campaign it is Fritz whose sword, like the wand of a conjuror, has made the prestige of Napoleon vanish. At Weissenburg he leaped upon his enemy like a Black Forest bear: at Wörth he came, he saw, he smote the flower of the French army, and, backed by his big and countless Germans, he has certainly won the first garlands of the war." One M. Henri Chabrillart, war correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, was taken prisoner after the defeat of MacMahon's forces, and in company with a fellow prisoner he was taken before Prince Frederick William at Souly. The correspondent says:—"I confess I am very much embarrassed. If I draw a flattering portrait of the Prince it will be said that I am sold to the Prussians; if I draw an unfavourable picture of him to gratify any malevolent passion, I shall be guilty of injustice and falsehood. I am a reporter, which means a kind of photographer. I shall therefore simply and truly state what I saw and what was said. Those who may be dissatisfied with my account must deal with the Prince themselves. It is not my fault that he is human. Would to Heaven that all Germans were like him; but, unfortunately, it is not so. Prince Frederick William, heir to the Crown of Prussia, is a man of tall stature, thin, with a calm and placid countenance, but in the curve of his aquiline nose and his dilating nostrils there are evidences of energy, while the rapidity of his glance convinces you of his decision. A full fair beard softens the somewhat stern expression of his features. He has great simplicity of manner, and affects rather a *bourgeois* style of speaking, thinking, and general behaviour. He was dressed in a black tunic with red collar and facings, without any embroidery or gold braid; upon the shoulder a small epaulet to indicate his rank, but no other distinguishing ornament. He wore a small black cap bordered with red, and the whole uniform was severely simple. He speaks French with great purity, without foreign accent beyond a slight German intonation and occasional hesitation at certain words." No long biography perhaps could convey such a truthful impression as the French journalist's sketch. Prince Frederick William, only son of the Emperor of Germany, was born October 18th, 1831, and on the 25th of January, 1858, he married Victoria Adelaide, the Princess Royal of Great Britain.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Whenever the weather is variable, and the temperature constantly changing, the weak and delicate need be very careful to repel the first symptoms of disordered action or ill-health. The scrofulous and consumptive will find in these noble remedies the means of casting out the bad humours which originate and prolong their sufferings. The Ointment should be well rubbed twice a day over the skin as near as possible to the part affected. It will penetrate and act most wholesomely and energetically on the diseased structure. It manifests a wonderful power in removing all taints from the blood, and consequently in curing a multitude of chronic ailments, which seemed to be almost irremediable.

MR. GEORGE SMITH,

Author of "The Cry of the Brickyard Children."

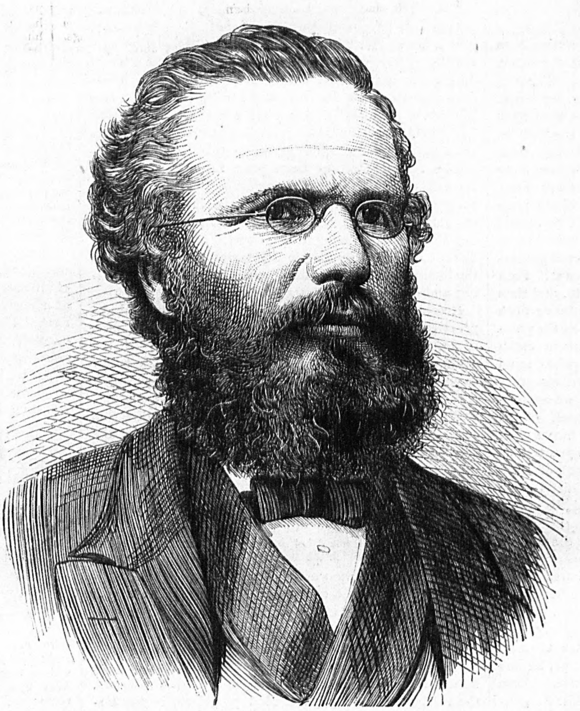
MR. GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, near Leicester, is the friend of the otherwise friendless little slaves of our clay-pits. In him the ill-used children of those localities have found a champion when they seemed abandoned alike by the Legislature and the social reformer, and the spirit with which he has advocated their interests is worthy of all praise. It is through his persevering and self-denying zeal that the present Factory and Workshops Acts Amendment Bill, now passing through Parliament, was introduced. For many years past he has laboured incessantly to expose the crying evils, and to bring about a better state of things than at present exists in our brickyards, and his latest effort in this direction is before us in the shape of a pamphlet entitled "The Cry of the Children from the Brickyards of England." In this he has brought to light such a state of existence prevailing in our midst that we well might exclaim, "Impossible!" if his statements were not founded on the best authority. It appears that it is the common practice throughout this Christian country to employ children of tender years in our brickyards, and that at the present time there are between twenty and thirty thousand children, varying from three and a half up to eight, ten, twelve, and fourteen years of age, so employed. The merest dots of little ones are snatched almost from their cradles, and condemned at once to the noxious vapours of the dust-heaps and the cold chill of the clay-pits. Here they are "broken in"—a term which implies that every childish impulse is stamped out, that every gleam of sunshine which usually shines into the heart and soul of a child is quickly eradicated, and the germ of all that is low and brutish is implanted instead. As soon as they are considered able by their unnatural taskmasters, they are set to carry bricks or clay, and the life to which these poor little victims are thus condemned is such that the life of criminals condemned to the galleys is merciful in comparison.

But let us explain for the benefit of our readers the nature of these occupations. It is the task of the clay-carriers to carry the clay from the clay-heap to the table of the moulders, the average distance between the two being about thirty-five yards, and this distance the child is continually traversing from six o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night, carrying at each remove from the clay-heap, upon his head and in his arms, an average weight of about 43 lb.; the total amount of clay he thus carries during the day is about 12 tons, and the whole distance he traverses 12½ miles. Those who carry away the bricks from the moulders carry 10 lb. of clay and a mould weighing 4 lb. (14 lb. in all) say 2,000 times per day, seven yards each journey, and the same distance back with the empty mould 2,000 times, which gives a weight carried each day of 36,000 lb., or over 16 tons, during which labour a distance is walked of 28,000 yards, or over fourteen miles per day. But this is not the whole of the day's labour; the poor little carriers have to assist in other work. The bricks, when "reared," "gormed," or "piled," and when "hacked" or "walled up," all require moving three times over, and, in one instance, are carried quite seven yards; the part they take in this is about equal to one remove, or one-fourth of the same 28,000 lb. weight, for seven yards distance, which, added to the 16 tons already given, makes up a total of 28½ tons carried each day, day after day, week after week, by children of nine to twelve years of age!

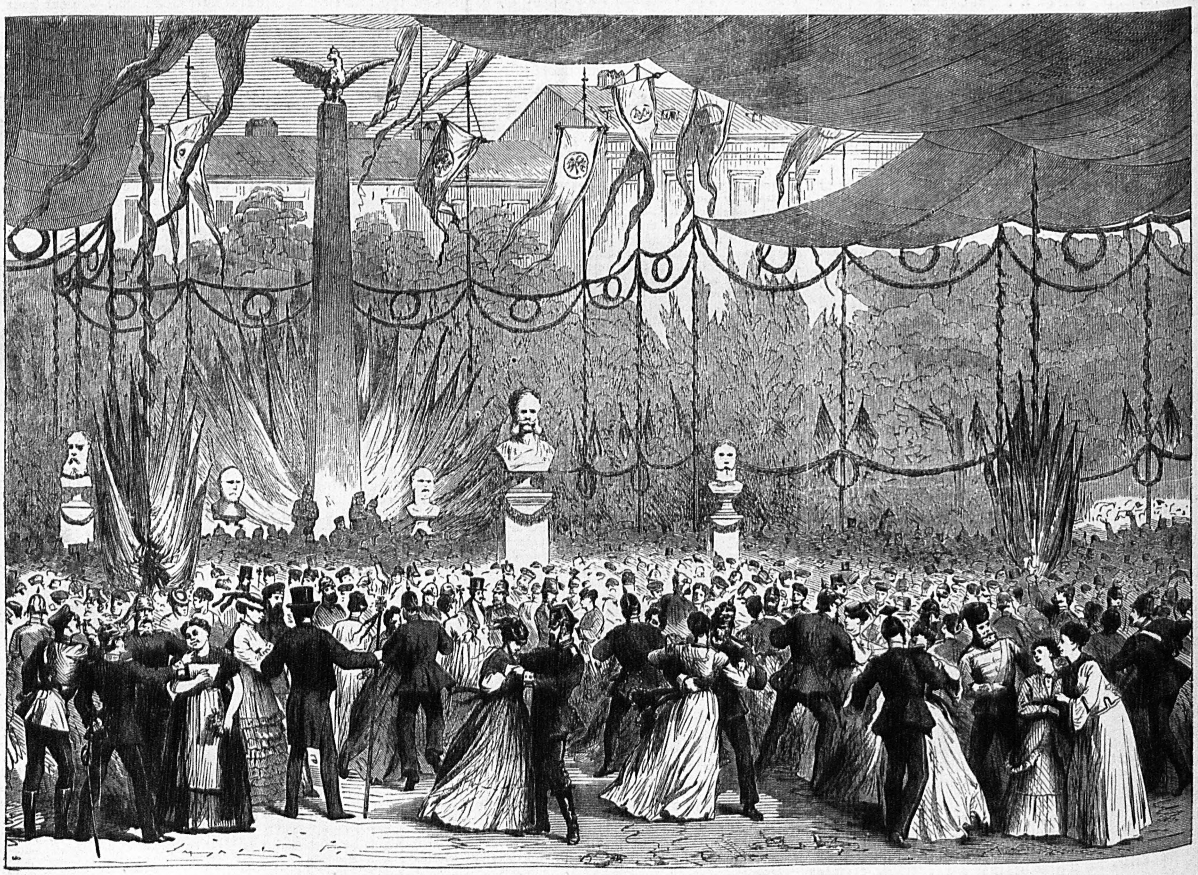
To this excessive labour they are impelled by kicks, cuffs, oaths, and curses enough to make the flesh creep, till the ill-usage and the cruel toil together render them hard and callous, and even distort the very features that God had gifted them with. "The old men, monkey-like faces," says Mr. Smith, "the shrunken, shivering, cowering, scared looks of many of the children are things not to be imagined. I myself have seen over and over the black eye, the unhealed sore, the swollen head, the bruised body on little—very little—children, that proclaimed sorrowfully their experience to be filled up by cruelty, murderous violence, impetuous passion, and punishment within, not an inch, but a hair-breadth (and that's just the breadth of a hair) of life."

But this is not the worst. Little girls of the same tender years are broken in, like their brothers in misfortune, to this unnatural toil, and, being thrown indiscriminately amidst those of a lesser or a larger growth of both sexes, who have grown or are growing up in the polluting atmosphere of the brickfields, they are early initiated into a kind of life that can only end one way, the consequences of which are frightful to contemplate.

That Mr. Smith is a properly qualified exponent of these terrible evils is best shown by the fact that he himself has been reared from childhood in the midst of the scenes he describes. Born on the clay-hills, he was condemned at seven years of age to the brickyards, and he carries with him scars which are the indelible witnesses of the ill-usage he received as a child. He suffered all the cruel oppression incident to children of his class, labouring incessantly for thirteen hours daily, carrying bricks or clay; and sometimes, says he, "my labours were increased by my having to work all night at the kiln—a casualty to which all the little drudges were, as they still are, liable in their turns." But the manner he has escaped from the destiny that seemed marked out for him, to become the apostle of reform, affords another striking instance, among many, of indomitable perseverance, while it throws additional light upon the extent to which labour is imposed upon the children who are reduced to this tenfold Egyptian bondage. For several years, he tells us, he had, in addition to his daily labour, to be up twice a week all night at the brick-kilns. For this extra work he received one shilling per week, which he was allowed to retain as pocket-money. Of this, he paid sixpence for attendance at a night school on the evenings when not required at the brick-kilns; the remaining sixpence went to purchase books. By this means he obtained some kind of schooling, which he gradually improved upon, and in time fitted himself for a higher position in the social scale. Step by step he has risen, till now the great object of his life is to obtain redress for those little ones whose wrongs he so thoroughly understands; and let us hope, for the sake of our common humanity, for the sake of morality, and in the interest of civilisation, that the abomination of the brickyards of England will ere long be numbered among the things of the past.



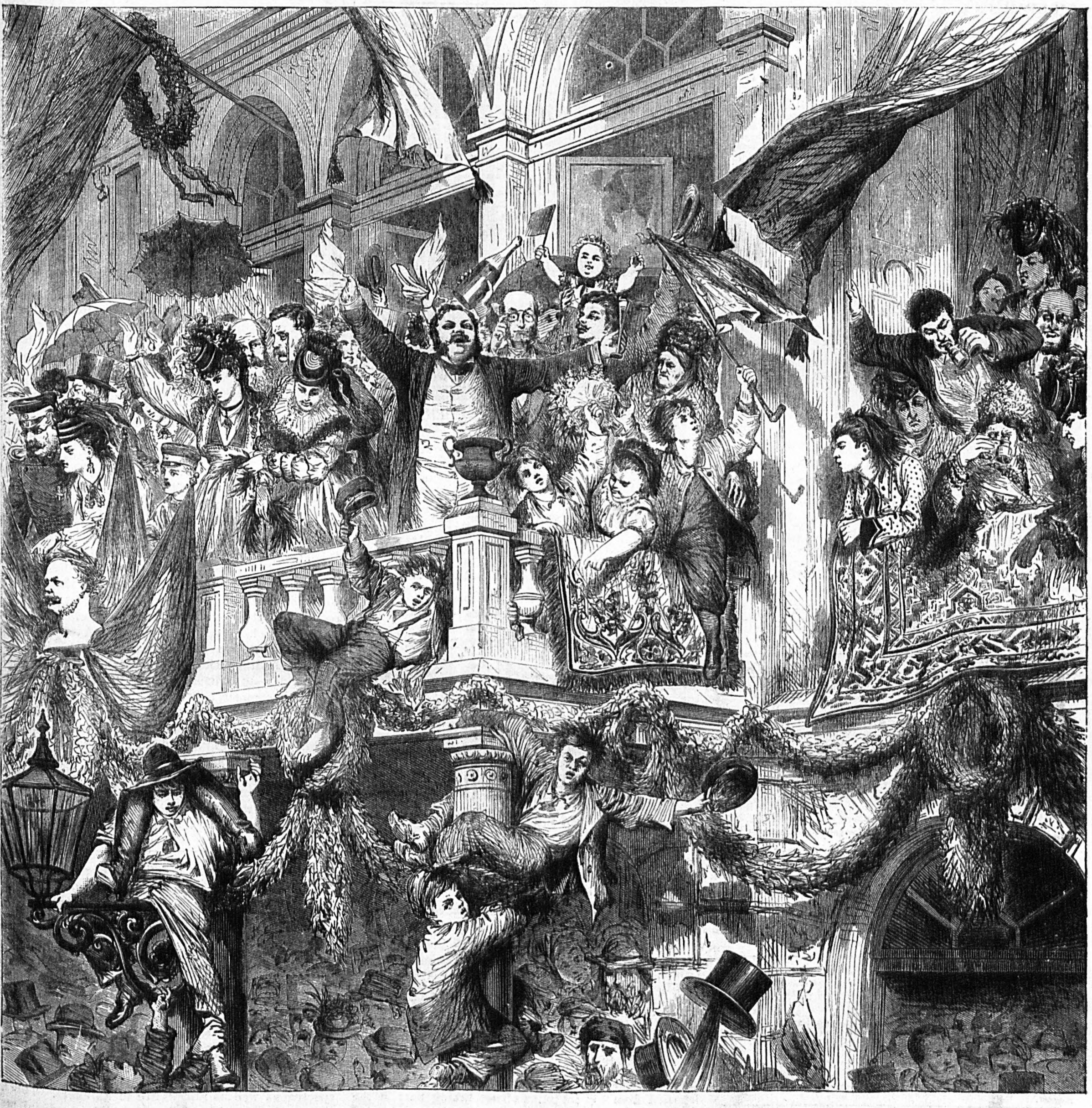
MR. GEORGE SMITH.



PEACE REJOICINGS AT BERLIN: SOLDIERS DANCING AT THE DONHOF PLATZ.

A STRANGE RECLUSE.

In the report of the Commissioners in Lunacy just issued an extraordinary case is mentioned in the list of lunatics found under illegal charge. It appears that the Commissioners, having learned that a gentleman reputed to be wealthy, and about thirty-five years of age, whom they designated as Mr. A——, was living for ten years in seclusion at the chief hotel in B——, made inquiry which showed that such a person actually existed, that the manager of the hotel alone had access to him, and that his acts were scarcely consistent with sanity. Very soon one of the medical members of the Board, accompanied by the secretary, paid a visit to the hotel, and inquired for Mr. M——, the manager. This person was not forthcoming; and, consequently, the doctor and his attendant made their way upstairs, and were going towards the apartments which they understood were occupied by Mr. A——, when they found the manager in an ante-room. Mr. M——, it seems, begged for delay; but the doctor, pushing him aside, opened a door, and speedily found himself in an inner and perfectly dark room, whence came a voice like that of a man under surprise and in alarm, demanding repeatedly what was the matter. Lights were obtained, and the visitors then saw what was before them. From wall to wall the room was literally blocked up with a mass of furniture and rubbish, from the midst of which emerged the head of a middle-aged and dark-bearded man. A single tortuous lane through this lumber led towards him, and the doctor had to pick his way over broken glass and crockery, bundles of candles, old clothes, parcels of stale biscuits, and other indescribable rubbish. No fire was in the grate, and, a curtain being drawn across the window, no daylight was visible. Behind a table, covered with bags of stuff, lay Mr. A—— on a small, broken-down, horsehair sofa, closely hemmed in on every side. He was enveloped with a rug, but without any other clothing. His condition was filthy in the extreme; his beard was upwards of two feet long, the lower two-thirds being inextricably matted with filth and full of vermin. His hair was even more matted and dirtier than the beard, especially on each side over the ears, being in this condition more than a foot in length. On his feet were some pieces of American cloth, under which was an admixture of filthy rags, paper, and refuse, tied with numerous strings about his toes, feet, and ankles, the condition of which was extremely loathsome. The great toe-nails were an inch and a half in length. The finger nails were also enormously long, and with the hands were very offensive to the sight. His legs, from being kept in one position, had become rigid, forming nearly a right angle with the thigh, and resisting an extension, although there appeared to be no swelling or tenderness. The face of this extraordinary person was pale and haggard; but his body, though emitting a powerfully disagreeable odour, was fairly nourished. He had not washed for years, and, though abundance of clothes was lying about the room, he had made no effort to get them. With all these strange appearances, however, Mr. A—— appeared to be perfectly sane, and was able to give a rational account of himself, and the reasons which had brought him there. In fact, his gentlemanly demeanour most strangely contrasted with the horrible condition he was in, and made the sight more painful. The doctor soon ascertained that Mr. A—— was possessed not only of large estates, but a life interest in upwards of £100,000; that some ten years ago he had gradually sunk into a nervous condition, which caused him to fancy that people regarded him as a lunatic, and he resolved to shut himself up away from the world. Taking rooms at the hotel, he gradually became more determined in his resolve; and then, having made arrangements with the manager, Mr. M——, to supply him with food, he changed his residence to the apartments where he was now discovered, and from that time had allowed no one to visit him. In this way he had existed for years, until the state of the room he was lying in, and particularly one adjoining, was such that the doctor and others who visited the place, professionally, expressed their astonishment that typhus fever had not been generated long ago. From what he said, he would gladly have left his place of seclusion some years since, and he was continually mourning the fact of his being shut out from the world; but the prevailing idea on his mind seemed to be that to accomplish this he must have some one to help him, and Mr. M—— appears to have offered him no assistance. Frequently when he heard people talking below his windows he had exclaimed "Oh, God! when shall I be assisted out of this state, and be able to mix again with the world?" He seemed very anxious to know whether the doctor considered him out of his mind, saying that, although he was labouring under a delusion when he took up his residence at the hotel, he was now perfectly sane, quite disgusted with the state of affairs, and determined that if any attempt were made to show him insane he would spend his whole fortune to prove the contrary. He was very shortly afterwards removed in a cab to the neighbouring asylum, and there placed in a chair, in which he appeared unable to sit upright, but cowered down with his head bent over his knees, drawing at the same time a large piece of baize over him, concealing his features, which, when exposed, were nervously agitated. Although he at first refused to take proper food, he gave way very soon to the advice of those under whose care he was placed, and expressed his great desire to aid in any means which might be adopted for endeavouring to restore the power and motion to his stiffened joints. Although at first his statements were somewhat incoherent, his powers of memory appeared remarkably good, and his conversation was, as a rule, marked by intelligence and shrewdness of no mean order. The only semblance to a delusion was the idea—frequently repeated by him—that it was necessary to have some one of stronger will than his own, which he found inadequate, to assist him in resuming his position in society. His great regret appeared to be that he had not met with the doctor who first visited him ten years ago, as he said that he only needed a little help to have been enabled to conquer the disposition to seclusion which eventually overcame him. After he had been under medical treatment some time, and it was found that he was in no way insane, Mr. A—— was allowed to leave the asylum, he being exceedingly anxious to go out into the world again. It is not stated in the report which was issued on Saturday whether proceedings of any sort were taken against M——, the manager of the hotel.



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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, AUGUST 5, 1871.

BY a majority of eighty the Lords have passed the following resolution upon the action of Mr. GLADSTONE with regard to the Army Regulation Bill:—

> That this House, before assenting to the second reading of this Bill, desires to express its opinion that the interposition of the Executive during the progress of a measure submitted to Parliament by Her Majesty, in order to attain by the exercise of the prerogative, and without the aid of Parliament, the principal object included in that measure, is calculated to depreciate and neutralise the independent action of the Legislature, and is strongly to be condemned.

The motion was supported by several Lords in a dignified tone of firmness and regret. Lord DERBY departed from his intention of not taking part in the discussion, because he understood that during his temporary absence from the House he was quoted by the Duke of ARGYLL as having given encouragement and support to the course which the Government had adopted. He stated in the most distinct manner that no language of the kind was used or intended to be used by him. He most heartily joined in the vote of censure. The benefit of it would consist in a salutary political change. They would be enabled to put upon record that power did not constitute right, that astuteness was not statesmanship, and that sharp practice did not pay in the long run. Earl GRANVILLE made a very laboured defence of the Government. The LORD CHANCELLOR was equally lame in his defence, the chief point of his remarks lying in the argument that if the Commons were to continue the functions of the Government and do what they believed to be necessary for the organisation of the army, the only honourable and straightforward course was to use the powers they possessed in the abolition of purchase. Lord GRANVILLE contented himself chiefly with a criticism of the grammatical construction of the Duke of RICHMOND'S motion. At the same time he pointed out what he considered to be various precedents in justification of Mr. GLADSTONE. In the year 1823 the Duke of WELLINGTON, by Royal Warrant, for a limited time, sanctioned purchase in the non-purchase regiments, and after that time entirely put an end to it. This might have been a fair argument in favour of the use of the Royal Warrant at the outset of this session, but it does not meet the case of a question being brought before the Government and put to the House of Lords in the usual constitutional course, and then decided, despite a vote of the Lords, by the Royal prerogative. Lord CAIRNS said the course taken by the Government was a refuge of consolation for those who had no excuse to offer or defence to make. Let the Government read their Bill a second time, and take with it the censure and condemnation of that House, which he was sure would be approved by the deliberate opinion of the country, and confirmed by the verdict of history—censure and condemnation for having, at a crisis which demanded the wisdom and forbearance of statesmen, acted with the petulance and recklessness of children, in order to obtain an apparent and unreal triumph, which placed a violent strain upon and discredited the constitution of the country. These notes, although they may be strongly tinctured with party feeling, will, we believe, find a responsive echo in the judgment of thoughtful men of all parties. It is as much in the interest of Liberal as Conservative that a violent use of power should not meet with the approval of the country.

THE Alexandra Park and Palace are to be utilised at last. A company has been formed for the purpose of developing the property. The directors have elicited the approving endorsement of the *Times*, and the press generally seems strongly favourable to the scheme. The necessary capital takes the form of 550,000 guineas. These certificates are of different value, from A (£1 1s., or single right) to E (£105, or 100 right), and entitle the bearer to participation—in accordance with the number and value of certificates held—in the proceeds of the sale of the property, if the representative life upon which the Tontine depends shall be living on the 30th June, 1886, when the Tontine is to terminate. We have not space to go into the whole details of the scheme, but we may state generally that for £1 1s. an investor gets a certificate entitling him to admission to the palace, to a share in a fine art lottery, and ultimately the chance of a share in the division of the property at the end of the Tontine. Meanwhile his life is insured for £1, and his only practical risk is one shilling. There never was a scheme which offered such real and *boná fide* attractions. Apart from these advantages the intelligent subscriber will consider that he assists in securing for the public an educational institution, a recreation ground, a summer hall of pleasure, a winter garden, a perpetual club for the million, situated amidst charming scenery on a hill that commands fresh country breezes; and all this within fifteen minutes of London. It is only necessary for the public to become acquainted with these facts to make the scheme a marked and special success. We heartily commend the idea to our readers, and we feel assured that the appeal of the directors to the people of London and the provinces will not be made in vain.

THE *Standard* draws attention to the retirement of Mr. J. J. SYLVESTER, F.R.S. and Professor at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and to the very hard treatment which he has received at the hands of the Government. The attention of the House of Commons will be called to the subject on an early day—Professor SYLVESTER, who we believe is a Liberal, having received great encouragement to lay his case before the House from members of both sides. A regulation—having, by the way, no Parliamentary sanction—has been recently made that no one should bear office in the Academy after attaining the age of fifty-five years. Under this order Professor SYLVESTER has been deprived of his appointment, the regulation having been made retrospective as well as prospective in its effect. This has taken place notwithstanding the highest official testimony to Mr. SYLVESTER'S proficiency as the head of the Mathematical Department of the Academy and the great success which has attended his labours. In various ways Mr. SYLVESTER claims to be dealt with under the 9th Section of the Superannuation Act, or to be allowed to complete his term of fifteen years, which would give him undoubted pension rights, which have been passed over very curiously, not to say illiberally, by the Government. Mr. SYLVESTER is now asked to accept a pension which he regards as altogether inadequate to his position, having devoted himself for many years to the service of his country, and being now in the full enjoyment of his best faculties and not desirous of relinquishing his appointment. It is not complimentary to the national intelligence that English Governments, as a rule, both Conservative and Liberal, have a habit of under-estimating the national services of the country's most distinguished men.

PEACE REJOICINGS AT BERLIN.

We this week continue our illustrations of the Peace Rejoicings at Berlin. The large engraving on pages 340 and 341 represents the Imperial banquet at the New Palace, Potsdam, on June 19. The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on the 20th, thus speaks of the entertainment:—

"There could be no more welcome relief than yesterday's thunderstorm, with its heavy downpour of rain. But the rain was a nuisance in regard to all possible suburban trips, and made the line to Potsdam seem rather dismal as our slow, rumbling convoy left the capital farther and farther behind it. Going from Berlin to Potsdam is much like going from London to Windsor; so we had but a limited time wherein to speculate on the weather. We found many familiar faces and figures in the small station in the park, at the end of our journey—faces and figures which my companion had often sketched in Versailles. It was clear, as one officer after another jumped out on to the platform, that the staff of the Third German Army would be strongly represented in this afternoon party at the New Palace. Almost all of the staff aforesaid was now assembled under the royal pavilion, by the side of the railway line, waiting for carriages with which to drive up to the Prince's door. No matter that the rain still poured down pretty freely. It had laid the dust, that was a good thing, and the Master of the Horse had been equal to the occasion, for here were just carriages enough to effect the necessary movement in advance. It was only a few minutes' drive, so the first carriage was back again, empty, before the last was fairly off; and as the drive was so short, a slight sprinkling of rain by the way did not matter. Who would care to shut the windows of the broughams, or to let down the leather curtains of the char-à-bancs, when all was to be over in a couple of minutes? The movement in advance was rapid and complete, and the guests were sheltered within the palace walls before any one suffered much inconvenience. The days at Versailles seemed to have returned when we found ourselves among so many old acquaintances of the late campaign. It was a party to the staff of the Third Army *par excellence;* but there were present several corps commanders—von Werder and von der Tann, von Kirchlach and von Hartmann—and divisional generals and foreign visitors to Berlin. Here was a group of Prussians in handsome uniforms all ablaze with decorations. Farther on might be observed the bright scarlet of an English deputy-lieutenant, and the blue and silver of our Indian Irregular Cavalry. The Duke of Manchester was present in the same dark-coloured rifle uniform which he had worn on the day of the entry of the troops; and the Austrian Count Gablenz was there in a blue Hussar dress. But I am leaving the feature of the scene which so much recalled Versailles to mind. Besides the Duke of Coburg, whose recent illness has kept him away from Berlin, there were but few wanting of the distinguished persons attached to the Crown Prince during his long stay in France. The Princes of Weimar and Mecklenburg, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the Princes of Wurtemburg, and the Prince of Neuwied, had again been brought together. We might have been back on the hillside above Sedan, or at the outposts before Paris, or in the grand salon of the Hôtel des Réservoirs, so far as most of the company are concerned in making up the scene. General von Blumenthal was present as a matter of course, and so was his active *sous chef,* Colonel von Gottberg. The Bavarian General von Bothmer and the Wurtemburger von Baumbach were also among us, as was Major von Winterfeldt, and as were so many more who made the French campaign, that I cannot attempt to name them. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to be even as minute as this, but those who played a part in the great drama of Sedan and Versailles must be always associated to some extent in our recollections of 1870. The staff of the Third Army was remarkable in having on it so many young princes, who most appropriately followed the future Emperor of Germany to the field; and it was a fine working machine in its more technical departments. Blumenthal and Gottberg saw to that. They are men of as indefatigable an energy as you will find in the German service, which is saying a great deal. And now, coming to the feast itself, in the story of the feast I pause for a moment, that I may advance with caution. We have our English notions of the limits of fair narration. It would be more amusing to some readers to have a tinge of colouring from the life thrown over the vague statement that a splendid repast was served in such and such a room, at such and such an hour. They would like to see the bill of fare. But many will be content to suppose that the early dinner, if so it may be called, went off with due success in all its details. There was no music, and nothing of pomp or of formality in the proceedings. Both the Crown Prince and his illustrious Consort appeared to be in the best of health and spirits; and the Princess, accompanied by her children, made the tour of the reception-room when dinner was over. The sight of the little people at their mother's side marked the difference between this time and the time of banishment on the campaign. There had been a joyous return home, and a joyous greeting of the dear ones left behind, in the greatest house in the land, as well as in so many humbler abodes."

The soldiers dancing on the Donhof Platz are in the very ecstacy of delight. Battle and strife are over—peace and rejoicing have come, and their bodies and brains are whirling round to joyful music. They are in a blaze of illumination, surrounded with columns, statues, wreaths, transparencies, and fine works.

Our other illustrations of the Peace Rejoicings do not call for many remarks. The stories may be read in the pictures, which all speak for themselves, and cannot be misunderstood, after the particulars published in this and last week's numbers.

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [456

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

In the *Gentleman's* "The Valley of Poppies" is soberly and pleasantly continued. The present instalment has more of incident than the previous chapters. We find the Perpetual Curate thin and wasted, recovering from a long and dangerous illness. He has been hanging "'twixt heaven and earth" for two months, and when he recovers consciousness he hears of strange events that have happened during the time of his sickness. "'There has been a wedding as well as a funeral, George, during your illness,' said my father, filling his pipe. 'Mary Oswald?' I said. 'Yes,' said my father; 'I don't know which is the saddest event of the two, the funeral or the wedding.' 'She is living?' I said, gazing into the fire, and seeing there the calm, haughty face. 'Yes. It took place a fortnight after you were laid up. Wulstan was very much surprised, not exactly at Pensax marrying the Dean's daughter, but at the wedding taking place with so little notice to Mrs. Grundy, you know. They were married at our parish church, in a quiet but dignified way. I was one of the guests. Ruth was one of the bridesmaids. The breakfast was at the Deanery. The poor Dean made a touching and eloquent speech. Pensax spoke fairly. He had evidently committed to memory what he said. Nevertheless, he spoke with some sort of dignity, and I could see an indication of satisfaction in the Dean's face, as if a serious difficulty had been happily surmounted. The bride and bridegroom went away to spend a short honeymoon at a country seat in Herefordshire, which had been placed at their disposal by a relative of the Dean's." Mary Oswald does not marry Pensax (who, by the bye, turns out a Pecksniffian, scurvy fellow) for love. There is deepest winter in the purse of the good old Dean. "Pensax was the hope and stay of the house, and Mary Oswald had a grateful heart." Within five weeks Mrs. Pensax runs away from her husband. She leaves a letter of explanation for the Dean, and the next morning he is found dead in his room! Ruth comes in deep mourning, with a pale face and a heart laden with sorrow, to see her lover now that he is considered well enough to be visited and talked with. The meeting is pathetic and strange. The author pictures them in the gloom of evening sitting before the fire side by side, full of a calm happiness clouded with sadness. He consoles and comforts her in a weird way, and so he woos her with his sympathy, and her love becomes deeper. They seem alone in the world, they cannot lose each other, and we leave them, knowing and feeling that they must be married in the first chapter of the September number. The story is interspersed with bits of poetry dressed in prose. Here is a specimen:—"I make a boat of my memory, and sail it down the river to the shady groves of Wulstan." Cowden Clarke discourses learnedly on Addison and Steele. We think this contribution is his best under the heading of the "Comic Writers." He calls Addison and Steele "the patriarchs of periodical fancy literature; the Beaumont and Fletcher of the essayists; the Pylades and Orestes of Button's Coffeehouse, and of the Wits' Club—men to whom their posterity have perhaps been more indebted than to any other public instructors of their age, principally from the correctness and refinement of their opinions in all questions of social morality and good taste; and not less from the bland and sprightly tone (courtly, yet not servile; bantering, yet not offensive) with which they denounced the errors and follies of the circles, or laughed down the vagaries of fantastical politicians." Mr. Clarke thinks the strongest lines Addison ever wrote are in the famous simile of the presiding angel, who "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm." The author admires the excellence of Addison's talent as an essayist and delineator of character, but looks upon the tragedy "Cato" as a meagre performance. "There are few compositions in our literature of the same class, and holding the same rank, that exhibit less pretension to originality of design, a less interesting plot, less variety of character, less vigour and force of diction, less dignity and grandeur of conduct." Here is a strong remark: speaking of Horace Walpole, Mr. Clarke says he seems to have been "a tandaddling old eaves-dropper."

The *Dark Blue* is a most attractive number. There are twenty-one items in the contents, making about a hundred and fifty pages of first-class matter. In the editor's romance "Lost" is some fine writing. Our readers cannot fail to appreciate the following fancy and critical bit commencing the twenty-second chapter:—"Eros went out to find his Psyche—love went out to find its soul—not Cupid, shilly-shallying Cupid, the love-god of later Anacreontic Greek literature, but Eros the noble-grown youth, the representative of nascent manly love, the ideal of old grand, deep-passioned Greece. And Eros found his Psyche; he sought her at Venus's command; he loved and won her; and Eros's theme has been played in variations ever since. Since the earth was formed, since man and woman inhabited it, has Eros sought his Psyche, maybe in vulgar guise, maybe in noble accents, maybe the old passion has become deteriorated—passion it is still; Eros seeks his Psyche still. The grandest of all books gives us the grandest pictures of this grand theme—how Isaac wooed and won, how Jacob wooed and won. 'And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide: and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel.' Young Isaac meditating at eventide, seeing the camels, under the glow of the Eastern sun, the camels that bore that precious burden—his Rebekah;—and 'she lifted up her eyes,' that beauteous Eastern maid. Another picture: 'And Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept.' Fourteen years did this Eastern youth wait for his Psyche when he had found her; and loved and won her at last. Grand and simple pictures; no rhetoric there, no explanations, no hypercritical sentiment; fine, true humanity, mirroring its noble image in the pure well of youthful love. Sum them up, those written types of Eros seeking Psyche—sum them up from Homer to Tennyson and Swinburne; sum them up, those old Greek bursts of passion; bring them down to the swelling images of our modern ideas—in all ages, in all climes, in all tongues. There is not a sweeter strain sung, not a truer sonnet composed to the mighty theme, than that of William Shakespeare:—

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date;
But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender nurse her babe from falling ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

It is Eros seeking Psyche, giving his soul and taking her heart!"

Macmillan's is as it always has been—learned, sober, and sound. Mr. Spofford A. Brooke's article "The Descriptive Poetry of Chaucer," is deeply interesting. We cannot refrain from quoting the author's remarks concerning England's descriptive poets:—"The first excellence of Chaucer, an excellence unapproached save by Shakespeare, and in Shakespeare different in kind, was the immense range of his human interest and his power of expressing with simplicity and directness the life of man. His second excellence, and it was an excellence new to English poetry, was his exquisite appreciation and description of certain phases of natural beauty. With him began that descriptive poetry of England which, passing through many stages, has reached in our century its most manifold development. For as the English painters have created the art of landscape, so have its poets more than those of all other nations described the beauty of the natural world. No work, by any people, has ever been done so well. We have passed from the conventional landscape of Chaucer to the allegorical landscape of Spenser. The epic landscape of Milton, varied with ease into lighter forms in the pastoral and the lyric, was followed by the landscape of Gray and Collins, a landscape where nature was subordinated to man and to morality. Beattie, Logan, and others infused a somewhat sickly sentiment into their natural description, and Nature was still unhonoured by a special worship till Cowper began to speak his simple words about her; and Burns, though with a limited range, described her glory in the lover's eye. Then arose the great natural school, which loved Nature for her own sake. One after another, with unparalleled swiftness of production and variety of imagery, with astonishing individuality, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, sang of the mountains and skies, of the sea and woods, of streams, and moor, and flowers. The landscape of Scott was accurate, rich in colour, and romantic in note; the landscape of Coleridge, few as were its pictures, was conceived with passion and of a great range; the landscape of Byron was largely composed, and of delightful clearness and force; the landscape of Shelley was transcendental, and he alone finds an analogy in the ideal pictures of Turner; but none have grasped with so much realism, and yet with so much spirituality, with such clearness and with such passion, as Wordsworth and Keats—Keats in this point being only inferior as an undeveloped artist—the aspects and the beauty of the natural world." There is only one short poem in the magazine, entitled "A Sunset on Yarrow," and signed "A. L.;" but it is a good one, and we will quote it:—

The wind and the day had lived together,
They died together, and far away
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,
Out of the sunset, over the heather,
The dying wind and the dying day.

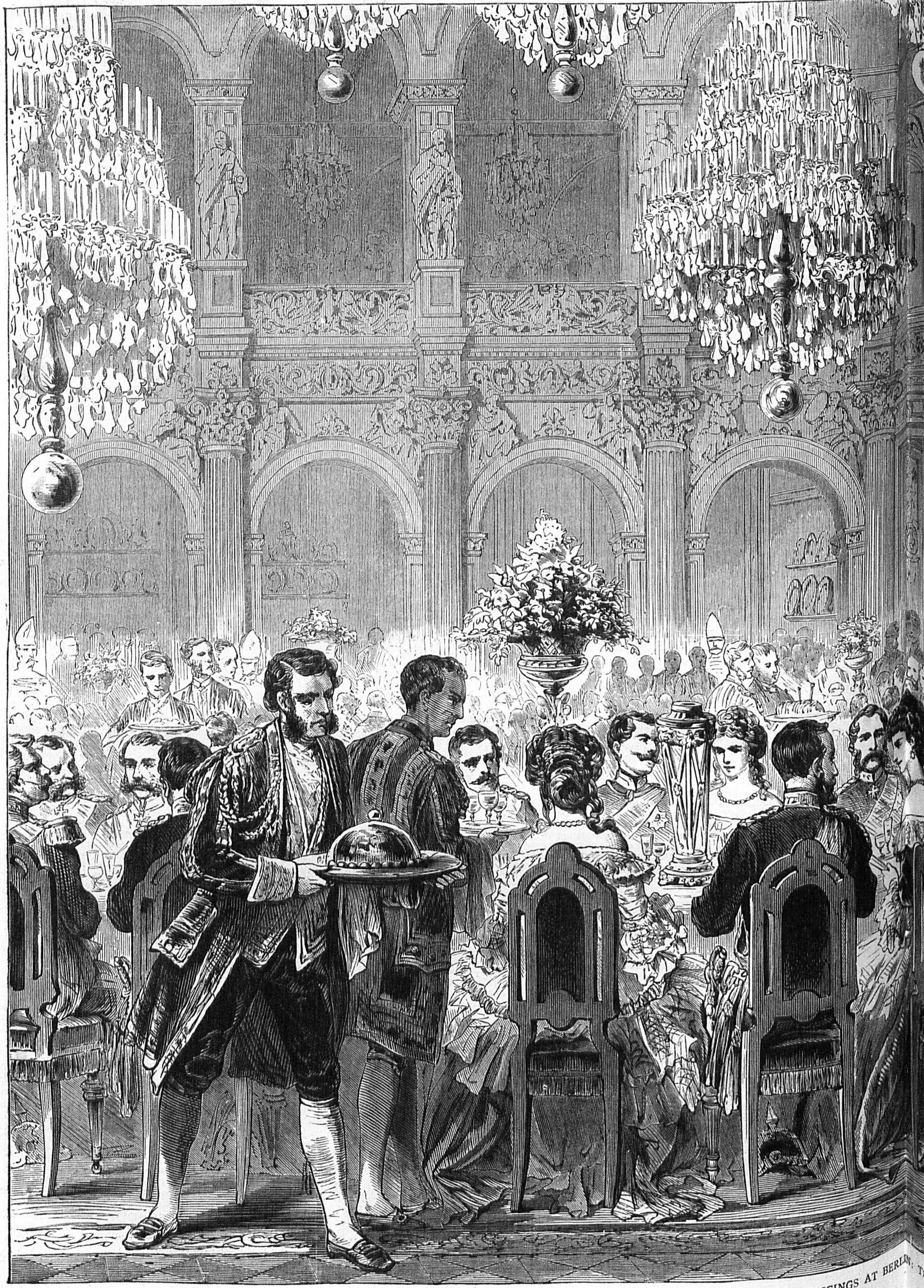
Far in the south, the summer levin
Flushed, a flame in the grey soft air:
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven;
You saw within, but to me 'twas given
To see your face as an angel's there.

Never again—ah, surely never—
Shall we wait and watch, where of old we stood,
The low good-night of the hill and the river,
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,
Twain grown one in the solitude.

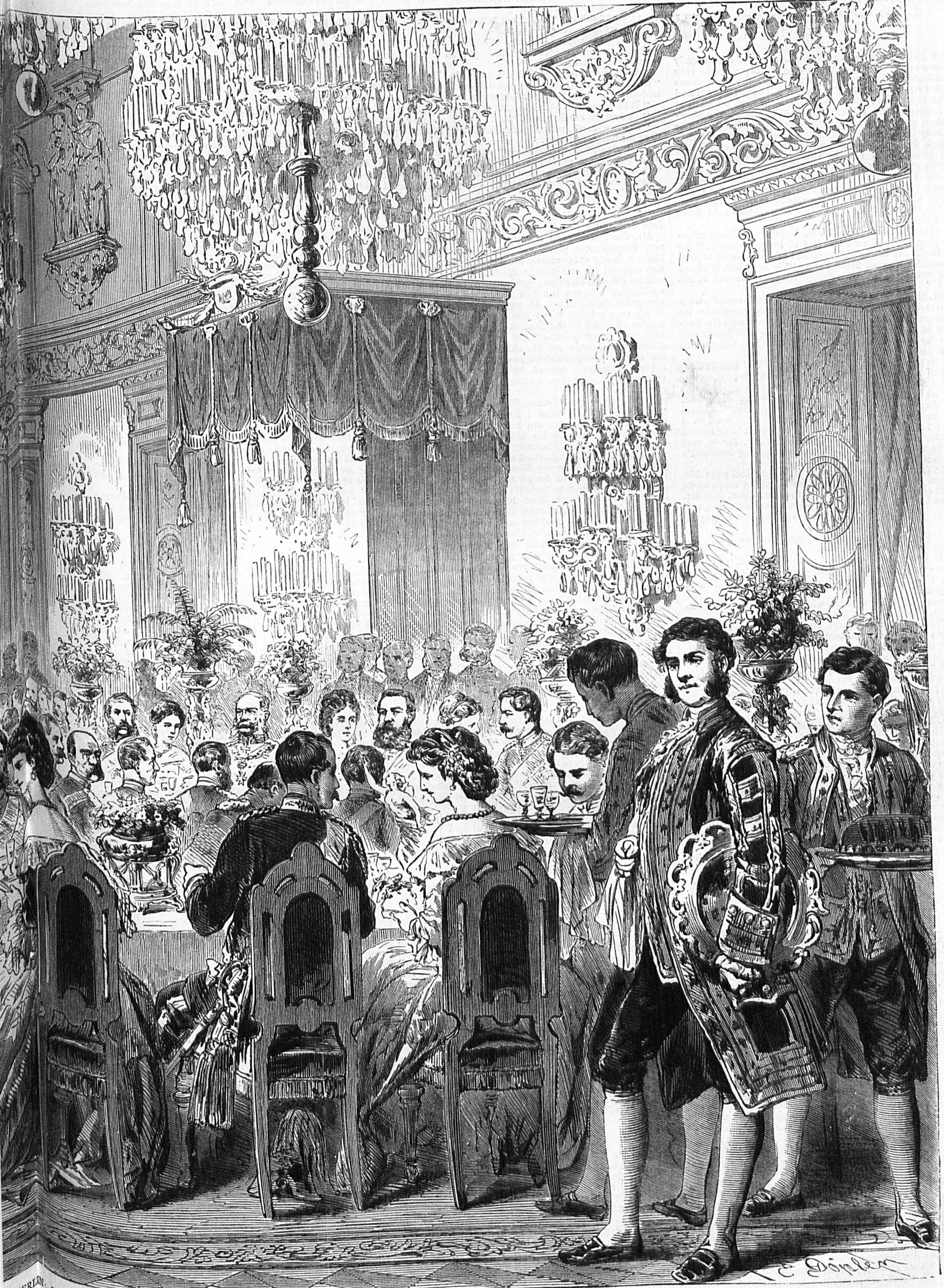
The *Leisure Hour* is an important number. Mary Howitt writes of "Rome in 1871." In a former paper the authoress gave an account of the entry of the King of Italy into Rome, the great inundations, and other events that happened about the beginning of the year. The present letter continues the writer's report of the strange aspect of Rome in this year, so memorable in the annals of the Papacy. There are several useful articles *apropos* of the Scott Centenary, and some clever illustrations.

In *Cassell's Magazine* Mr. Charles Reade's "Terrible Temptation" draws to a close. Mr. Walter Thornbury has commenced a series of articles on "Popular Heroes," the first two dealt with being Jack Cade and Jacques Bonhommie. The author can tell us scarcely anything of the latter, in truth nothing at all, beyond that he was the leader of a mob. There is not sufficient spirit in the articles. The facts are taken from history, and calmly set down afresh. The poetry as a whole is as weak as possible. "A Night with the Taepings" would do credit to a penny sensational journal. The *Quiver* has some pretty lines by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. *Cassell's History of the War, Technical Educator, Household Guide,* and *Little Folks* are up to the usual standard of excellence. The latter is by far the best children's magazine published.

"I can confidently recommend your Pain Killer as a cure for diarrhœa, dysentery, &c., for I have repeatedly tested its virtues in these diseases, and have never known it fail. I always keep it in the house in case of need.—Richard Clarkson.
"2, *Hopwood-street, Liverpool.*—To Perry Davis & Son, London, W.C."



PEACE REJOICINGS AT BERLIN: T



T BERLIN: THE IMPERIAL BANQUET.

BY RAIL TO "THE WILLOWS."

By BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

BLOWS.

IN a country town like Barford, where, as it is already known to the reader, tongues wag merrily with the very smallest provocation, the *fracas*, or, as the Barfordians called it, the "turn-up," between Richard Dudwell and John Dyne was material enough for a week's vivacious gossiping. The Liberals, headed by Blobb, the shoemaker, gave their unanimous verdict in favour of the railway clerk; and even many of the Conservatives—Frank Buss, the linendraper's assistant, to wit—could not refrain from making sundry uncomplimentary remarks on the colour of Mr. Richard Dudwell's liver. At the Dragon, the young squire's partisans mustered strong. Mr. Tapp assured Mr. Hoole, the Vicar's footman, who was taking his morning glass of half-and-half at the bar, that John Dyne's triumph would be of brief duration.

"The Dudwells," said Mr. Tapp, smoothing affectionately the polished handles of his beer-pump, "the Dudwells are of the right stock, and I shouldn't be surprised, mark you, Hoole, if by this time Mr. Richard had wrung that 'ere railway chap's nose out of his 'ead."

Mr. Hoole, who, over his black vest and trousers, wore a lavender striped cotton jacket as more convenient for the domestic duties of the morning, threw back the limp flaps of the jacket, dipped his thumbs and forefingers into the pockets of his waistcoat, and laughed as loud as became a man of his degree.

"But, I say, Mr. Tapp," truth compelled Hoole, Conservative as he was, to observe, "the young squire didn't show much of the lion in him last night. I was 'alf inclined," this magnificent gentleman continued, stroking himself complacently under the chin, "to interfere myself, and I should have polished him off in a jiffy; but, you know, Mr. Tapp, it wouldn't have looked well for the Vicar. That vulgar old fellow, Towse, was in the sevingth 'eavens. *I* thought young Smithett's interference very cheeky."

Mr. Tapp responded that it was very lucky for Mr. Joseph that the young squire had had as much as he could carry; hinting broadly, at the same time, that Mr. Richard Dudwell owed Mr. Joseph Smithett one, and would probably take an early opportunity of paying him.

At the Flower Pot a brisk altercation took place between Towse and Daffydown.

"If I was Mr. Dudwell," said the latter, "I'd first break every bone in that there young Dyne's body; and then I'd have just a few words to say to Master Smithett."

Towse, bubbling with the wicked merriment that was in him, thrust deftly at his opponent.

"Now, look here," said he; "there must be two parties to every agreement. In all my born days I never see a better opportunity a big man had of hiding a little one, than young Dudwell had last night before Master Joe come near the place. D'ye see that? And who was afeard of his bones? Was it the little railway chap? Or was it t'other? Why, I'd have put my last crown on the little 'un to double up your young squire easily, and take his footman, Tim, arter him."

Mr. Daffydown emptied his mug of ale, shrugged his shoulders, and, picking up his spade and rake and hoe, informed Towse, as a parting compliment, "that there was no use a talking to him."

But it was not only in the inns and taps and shops and sheds of Barford that the discomfiture of the young squire was discussed. It gave animation to the City train in the morning. People gossiped about it at the corners of the streets, in the mill counting-houses—aye, and, to disguise nothing, in the church-pews. Although the Conservatives of Barford—who, as they expressed it, "went in" for the landed gentry—displayed great ingenuity in the defence of Mr. Richard Dudwell, and dwelt on the prowess he would have shown had he been in full possession of his faculties, they could make only an indifferent case of his actual doings. The young people of all classes and creeds said that the young squire had behaved like a coward, and that his father must be ashamed of him. These young people considered that "pluck" was a higher quality than creed or opinions. Their hot blood would sympathise with the little one who thrashed the big one, whether the little one was High Church, or Plymouth Brother, Tory of the old *souche*, or Radical fiercer than the immortal Cuffey.

The fight made a great sensation at The Willows. Mr. Hornibrook showed the greatest avidity for the minutest detail of it. The first account he had of it he carried home with considerable alacrity, and unfolded it to his daughters at the dinner table.

"A pretty scene took place in the town last night," he said. "I knew the kind of place Barford would become when these mill-owners and their 'hands' (for they can't call the poor devils they employ, men) had fairly taken possession of the town. It will be like a slice out of the dirtiest part of Newcastle directly; and we shall have tipsy brawlers at every street corner."

"But what has happened, papa?" said Emily, impatiently, striking the table with her little fist. She never had the patience to listen to the long series of introductory remarks and apposite reflections with which her parent was wont to charge his lightest anecdotes. But her impatience only tended to inflate the verbose moralities of Mr. Hornibrook; who would remind her that in every human incident was a moral housed, which it behoved every thinking creature to extract if he could. This view of conversation made Mr. Hornibrook's society exceedingly profitable to those people who could keep awake in it, or remain completely passive, under his erudite domination.

"Do tell us at once, papa," Emily begged, "and tell us all about these wicked manufacturers afterwards."

"It is nothing," said Mr. Hornibrook, "that can be of much interest to two young ladies. Perhaps I was wrong in alluding to the subject before you girls. There are subjects, my dear" ——

"Yes, yes, papa, we know all about that," Emily audaciously interrupted. "Now you've begun you must tell us directly."

"Well, imagine, my dears," said Mr. Hornibrook, "men, who call themselves gentlemen, fighting in the middle of the street-market last night."

"Who was it?" both the girls asked at once.

"You might easily guess."

"But we can't, papa," cried Emily, who was impatient for full particulars.

"My dear," Mr. Hornibrook answered in a severe tone, "the three gentlemen who disgraced themselves, with a crowd of factory men and costermongers round them, were that incorrigible young scapegrace, Richard Dudwell, a railway clerk, and the Vicar's friend, Mr. Joseph Smithett."

"Mr. Smithett!" exclaimed the elder sister, whose face rivalled the peonies in the garden.

Mr. Hornibrook was at that moment despatching a very considerable portion of fish which he had given himself, being uncommonly hungry; so that his attention was not for one instant distracted from his plate, and he did not, therefore, notice the glances that were exchanged between the two sisters on the mention of young Smithett's name. He pursued the copious current of his own reflections as the dinner progressed, and was so absorbed by the analytical processes to which he subjected every point of the event that he did not remark the early escape his eldest daughter made from the room. Emily good-naturedly remained behind to cover her sister's retreat, by receiving, in her own devoted ears, the long-sustained fire of her father's eloquence.

"This scandalous scene," said Mr. Hornibrook, "bears out exactly what I have already said to Mr. Carnegie: 'Gentlemen are not made in a day. This Mr. Smithett, with all his university education, must have a fight in the High-street, of course choosing the very time when it was packed with all the riff-raff of the place. You see how the blood comes out.' He may dance as elegantly as he pleases, for me; he doesn't deceive me. When he foots it in those fantastic patent leathers of his, I can hear the clogs of the weaver. Street-fighting comes as natural to his blood as a case of pistols to the outraged honour of the gentleman. It isn't likely that the purse of these spinners and printers can go into the market and buy into their family the spirit and the manners that grow like the aloe, and whose flowers are the noble marks of centuries. They may buy our lands when prodigal sons have brought them into the market, but zounds! they can't buy our blood and our spirit too; and it's a comfort to think that when Mike somebody buys a Montmorency's castle, when he gets into the drawing-room, boor that he is and must be, he can't keep his feet off the hobs."

The story speedily became two stories, both of which did infinite credit to the imagination of Barford—at the expense of any reputation it might enjoy for veracity. There was this truth, however, in both stories—viz., Richard Dudwell was described as a drunkard. The utmost his friends could say in his favour was that he would not have permitted Mr. John Dyne to have had the advantage of him had he been sober. These friends very readily assumed, moreover, that Mr. Joseph Smithett would not have dared to interfere had he not perceived that the young squire was in his cups. The two rival local papers made stirring material out of the encounter. The county family organ entitled its account "Railway Roughs at Barford;" while the Liberal organ put forth a flaming poster, the great line of which was, "Our Aristocracy in their Cups." It was generally agreed that "the matter could not end there," very much, we suspect, because nobody wished it to end there. Spectators of a quarrel, it may be observed, as a rule are not too well pleased when the quarrel is brought to a close. That English taste for combats of all kinds, which was pleased with cock-fighting and other animal battles, shines out directly two men come in hostile collision. When a quarrel happens in the street, the faces that gather about the combatants absolutely beam with pleasure. Men will linger on the kerb-stone to listen to a passage of slang between two costermongers, and hang upon the lips of the brawlers as though they were distilling honey. It would have delighted the townsfolk of Barford, then, had the young squire and Mr. Dyne resumed open hostilities. But there were older heads and wiser about the young men. Mr. Dyne's employer, Mr. Dudwell's father and father's friends, and the advisers of Mr. Joseph Smithett, stepped forward and declared there should be no more fighting. The railway contractor was very emphatic and determined. He would not have his works disturbed by the brawls of that drunken young scapegrace, Dudwell.

"Let me catch that young whipper-snapper within a mile of my office carrying on any of his games and I'll be even with him. I shall just see what the magistrates will have to say to him."

On the other hand, Mr. Huggins read a very serious lecture to his head clerk on the impropriety of carrying on a clandestine correspondence with Miss Maria Dudwell.

"In the first place," said Mr. Huggins, "you could not marry her if the family accepted you. Where's the money to come from? These are not times when a man can keep house for a trifle. I know what young fellows are. I've been a young fellow myself, and this is my advice; and if you don't follow it, you'll repent it. A young man who's got his way to make in the world shouldn't marry a fine lady. You want a wife, Dyne, who'll turn down your socks; not a lady who will sit turning the wing of a chicken over and over again with a silver fork and wishing it were partridge. So wipe this little business out of your mind, and stick to the works, and don't let me hear anything more about it. I'd much rather see you married to Miss Dudwell's maid than to the young lady herself. Give your mind to your embankment, and you'll be surprised how soon you'll forget the pretty face at the Manor House. Come and have a glass of grog this evening with me at my rooms, and I'll just tell you how I managed to make my little successes in life."

Mr. Smithett, senior, of course, had his wise saws ready for Master Joseph.

"Joe," said he, as he walked round his garden on a Sunday morning before church time, in his Sunday best, all redolent of lavender, "you have made a fool of yourself in that Dudwell business."

Master Joe smiled.

"D'ye think so, father?" was his sprightly answer.

"I know so, Joe," the old man of the world continued, "I have heard the whole fight explained to me from beginning to end, and I said to myself, 'Confound that Joe! Why must *he* put his nose in it? He behaved like a foolish young man.' The business of taking other people's parts—now listen seriously to me, Joe—is the very worst business going. You get nothing but kicks for profits. And mind you, the kicks are given you by the very people whose part you take. Whoever thanks you? If any blow reaches home, it is the one aimed at your nose. *Yours* is the coat that is torn. *You* pay the fine before the magistrate. *You* are pelted by the crowd, and you are an exceedingly lucky man if, when you have vanquished your friend's enemy, you are not called upon to fight your friend. When I was a boy, of course, I, too, must take other people's parts, and, like a fool, take upon myself the receipt of other people's black eyes. But I have outgrown that folly long ago; and I want you, Joe, to profit by my experience. Why the deuce you should have stood forward and offered to fight that sot, young Mr. Dudwell, for Mr. Dyne, I really am at a loss to imagine.

"That won't do, father," Master Joe replied. "You would not have me stand by and see foul play?"

"Certainly not, Joe," the old gentleman continued. "Your fault, sir, was the standing by. You should have gone about your own business. You will find, sir, in life that a man's own interests are quite enough to defend, if he defends them properly."

"What would you do, father, if while you were walking along the towing path a man were to throw himself into the river?"

"I should help him out, Joe, of course; but observe this, boy, the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that I should not be on the towing path. I always keep to the high road."

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE VICARAGE.

MR. CARNEGIE and Mr. Hornibrook, of course, discussed the fight, at some length, and from opposite points of view. We have already seen that Mr. Hornibrook was not slow in making the whole affair redound to the discredit of young Mr. Smithett and the class to which he belonged. Mr. Hornibrook, indeed, took an early opportunity after the fight of finding his way to the Vicarage, that he might spend a few happy hours in damaging the manufacturing interests in the sight of his reverend friend. When he entered Mr. Carnegie's study he found this gentleman quite prepared for him on the momentous question. Mr. Carnegie received his guest with a knowing smile that said, "I know what you have come about, and I am quite prepared for you. Out with the foils, and stand on your guard."

Mr. Hornibrook put his hat snugly away in a corner of the study, took off his gloves and neatly folded them, and by his general air of deliberation plainly intimated to his host that he had come prepared for a long and grave discussion. The two friends sat down in easy chairs. Mr. Carnegie put back on his shelf the favourite volume of Jeremy Taylor he was reading; closed his note-book, and turned the key in his desk.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you at any particular work," said Mr. Hornibrook.

"I am entirely and completely at your service," Mr. Carnegie replied, laughing.

Of course, Mr. Hornibrook tried to light by the merest accident on the topic which he had come to talk about.

"That was a pretty business in the High-street, on Saturday night."

"It was," the Vicar answered, remaining on his guard, waiting for his antagonist.

"The police ought to have locked them all up. The sooner young Smithett leaves Barford the better."

"Smithett!" the Vicar exclaimed. "I thought you were coming to that; you mean that young man who is to be seen rolling about the town two or three times a week drunk before sundown—Richard Dudwell."

Mr. Hornibrook was now fairly on ground he thought his own, and of which he considered himself supreme master.

"Pardon me, Carnegie," he said, "I do not mean young Dudwell. Dudwell was in the right, and gave proper punishment to an impertinent young snob whom he found in his father's grounds, more especially as he knew what he was after. He didn't treat the fellow like an equal. Why should he? See how this man Dyne took his punishment, and the opportunity he took of resenting it. Why, the fellow behaved like a coal-heaver, not like a gentleman. Gentlemen don't choose the middle of a Saturday night market for the arrangement of their differences. Then, of course, Master Smithett must elbow himself like a bully to the front of the ring, where his instincts naturally led him to take the side of the snobs. I believe he and a blacksmith shared the honours of that side."

"I see," the Vicar replied mildly, "that your account of this unfortunate affair differs most materially from that which has been given to me. As I am informed, young Dudwell was returning home, half intoxicated as usual from the Dragon, when, seeing Dyne on the road before him, he struck at him with his whip from behind. The young man retorted with his cane; and as for Smithett's part in the affray, he interfered only when two men were about to fall on the railway clerk, who is, I am given to understand, a spare and weak man. To me, this young

Dudwell is represented as a coward, who struck a man from behind with his whip, and was afterwards afraid to stand before the man he had so savagely assaulted. No, no, Hornibrook, I can't congratulate you on your hero this time."

"You surprise me," Mr. Hornibrook rapidly expostulated, shifting his ground as his wont was when he was weak. "What! a bit of a clerk happens to meet two or three young ladies in their morning walks, gets into conversation with them by explaining to them the earthworks, the bridges, and what-not; and then, taking advantage of the giddy head of one of these stupid girls, has the insolence to make appointments with her and write letters to her. Do you justify that, Carnegie? Why, sir, if I had found the fellow in my grounds, I'd have shot him like a rabbit. You justify the fight; of course you justify the cause of it."

Mr. Hornibrook looked angry and triumphant, and refreshed himself with an entire glass of sherry.

The Vicar, planting his two thumbs and forefingers closely together, assumed his mildest manner.

"You see, Hornibrook, you leave me hardly anything to say, since you put statements into my mouth, and draw your own conclusions from them, doing me the honour at the same time to call them mine. Now, pray observe that, not only did I not justify the fighting, but I did not make the remotest reference to the cause of it. Of course I hold this clerk's conduct to have been, at the outset, most reprehensible."

"You have the very oddest way of reasoning," Hornibrook interrupted.

"Pardon me, Hornibrook, I don't think the eccentricity is on my side. Just now, for instance, you said that Smithett's instincts naturally led him to the side of the snobs. Now, what conceivable grounds have you for that assertion? From my experience of the young gentleman, I should be very strongly inclined to maintain against you that his taste and instinct—call it what you will, say his inclination—would carry him to the gentlemanly side, if, indeed, gentlemanly side there be in a street fight."

"But you see, Carnegie, my dear friend, the facts are against you. Smithett took the part of the railway clerk. Come, come, with all his faults, we are not going to put this railway scrub on an equality with the Dudwells."

It is impossible to say how long this discussion would have lasted, or how far its branches would have stretched, had the two disputants been left to themselves. The Vicar took a sly pleasure in what he called "a bout of words" with Hornibrook. Hornibrook was a brave and, at times, a crafty reasoner. He got his forces well together, and disposed them in good position. He generally left himself a safe retreat, and retired in good order. When his adversary was Mr. Carnegie, retreat was his invariable doom. Young Smithett used to say that they were like Wellington and Soult; and when the Vicar had tired out his opponent, and Hornibrook gave a final volley of words, Smithett would whisper, "Here's his Toulouse; it's all over." It had not come to the Toulouse, however, when the contending parties were interrupted by the appearance of Hoole, who announced, in his most solemn manner—

"Mr. Joseph Smithett."

In Hoole's opinion, the Vicar's new guest was not a fit and proper person to be seated in the Vicar's back kitchen, as the wise reader may infer from the scraps of conversation with which Mr. Hoole, in his leisure moments, enriched the meetings at the Flower Pot.

The Vicar gave Smithett a cordial shake of the hand, and motioned him to a chair; while Mr. Hornibrook greeted him with an icy "Good morning, Mr. Smithett."

"We were just discussing your *fracas* of Saturday night," said the Vicar.

"I beg your pardon," Smithett answered, in a frank, manly way. "I beg your pardon; but why do you say *my fracas*? I had nothing to do with it."

Mr. Hornibrook stared at the Vicar, who, with pleasure beaming in his face, waited a further communication from his young friend.

"*My fracas!*" Joseph Smithett continued. "That's a good joke. A bolt struck the tower of Salisbury Cathedral the week before last—why not say *my* thunder-storm?"

Mr. Hornibrook fairly stared at the young man, who became at once very serious indeed.

"You were there, were you not?" Mr. Carnegie said.

"*There*—yes. So were a hundred people. Since I appear to have been the subject of conversation—and not, I should judge, to my particular advantage—let me explain" (addressing himself exclusively to Mr. Carnegie)—"let me explain. I had been at the committee meeting of our Improvement Society (here Mr. Carnegie glanced triumphantly towards Mr. Hornibrook), and had gone into the town for some trifle while they were saddling my cob, when I saw a great crowd, and heard a great noise in the High-street, opposite the market. I heard the bystanders say that a man in a dog-cart had struck somebody with his whip. A loud shout of 'Fair play!' arose. At that moment I caught sight of Mr. Dudwell. I thought he was being ill-treated by the roughs, and pushed through to his assistance; but I found it was he who had struck a poor, pale-faced fellow, who had returned the blow with interest. Mr. Dudwell was twice his opponent's size, and was just going to fall on the little fellow, he and that drunken servant of his, Tim, together. There was a shout for fair play, as I trust there will always be in an English crowd. I think I had the honour of stopping the *fracas*. I had no occasion to raise my little finger. I was merely observing to Mr. Dudwell that I should not allow him and his servant to fall on one man, when a cry of 'Police!' arose, and the affair was over. I make this excuse for Mr. Dudwell: he was undeniably drunk. I have since heard that he had drank nine glasses of brandy and water at the bar of the Dragon that evening."

"Pray, Mr. Smithett, did you happen to know the reason why Mr. Dudwell considered it his duty to chastise the person whom you protected?"

"I never saw the man before, and knew nothing whatever about him or his antecedents, sir. I saw two powerful men falling upon one weak one, and I prevented a grossly unfair and cowardly attack, as I am sure every English gentleman in my place would have done."

"Then permit me to tell you," Mr. Hornibrook pursued, without noticing Joseph Smithett's valorous sentiment; "permit me to tell you that the person whom Mr. Dudwell thought proper to chastise deserved nothing less than hanging."

Here Mr. Carnegie interfered with—"My dear Hornibrook—hanging!"

"Hanging, yes!" Mr. Hornibrook was red hot. "Hanging! The young vagabond had stolen into a gentleman's house."

"Garden," Mr. Carnegie quietly interposed.

"The same thing, Carnegie. Yes, broken into a gentleman's house, and had been carrying on a clandestine correspondence with the gentleman's daughter. We have come to a pretty pass when a fellow like this dares to look at our daughters. Upon my word, I should have forgiven Dudwell had he brought the rascal down like a rabbit. That's your *protégé*, Mr. Smithett."

Mr. Smithett bowed haughtily. "I am not ashamed, Mr. Hornibrook, to have protected even this clandestine lover against a cowardly attack."

Mr. Hornibrook now shifted his ground, and became oracular. "He, sir, who steals into the house of an honourable gentleman, and plays with the affections of one of his children, is worse than a burglar; he is an assassin."

There were divers reasons why this kind of conversation could not be palatable to Mr. Joseph Smithett. In the first place, why should it be addressed to him by Mr. Hornibrook? Had he any suspicion?

Mr. Carnegie broke in pleasantly. "Granted, my dear Hornibrook, that he is the supreme monster, but let us look at him quietly."

"It makes my blood boil, Carnegie—and I can't help it. Yes, your Reform Bills, and emancipation of this and that—and your elevation, and mutual improvement of everybody"——

"Ah! Mr. Smithett, that reminds me;" Mr. Carnegie thought he saw a good opportunity for breaking new ground—"You were at the Improvement Society's Committee last night. Anything particular done?"

"Ugh!" grunted Mr. Hornibrook.

"We ordered a few more books from London, I think; and we appointed a new secretary."

Another "Ugh!" from Mr. Hornibrook.

The conversation was stopped at this point by the abrupt entrance of Mrs. Carnegie's maid. She rustled up to her master, whispered in his ear, and ran from the room.

Mr. Carnegie rose, in a state of nervous excitement. "Forgive me! Forgive me—my wife is worse—much worse again;" and he hurried from the room.

Hoole entered, calm as became his dignity. He helped the gentlemen to find their hats and conducted them to the gate. At the gate Mr. Hornibrook raised his hat to Mr. Joseph Smithett, and said "Good day" as though the politeness was a mighty effort wrung from him by the claims of good society.

The young man lifted his hat somewhat brusquely—blood will dance at twenty-five—and turned upon his heel.

(To be continued).

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE AND PARK.

It is now more than probable that this charming place will shortly be opened to the public. A satisfactory contract has, after much negotiation, been concluded for the purchase of the entire of the "Muswell-hill Tontine Estate," consisting of 500 acres of the most delightful country in England. The purchase money is £675,000, which it is proposed to raise by a species of tontine and art unions, by which every member will be entitled to immediate privileges and advantages far exceeding in value the amounts respectively subscribed, whilst those to whom the benefits of the tontine revert will, within a fixed and moderate term of years, possess a property of considerable value. It is fair to assume, should the project be carried out in its present proposed form, that it will form an important link in the diffusion of a love of knowledge of the beautiful and useful works of art, and at the same time provide a grand arena of elevating amusement and relaxation for all classes of the inhabitants of the metropolis, especially of its northern and eastern portions and suburbs, as well as for the thousands of excursionists who visit the "sights of London" every year. The tontine will terminate on the 30th of June, 1886, and according to the prospectus the subscribers incur no liability. Certificates representing 50,000 guineas (of which one shilling of each guinea is to be appropriated to the insurance of subscribers) are to be issued (payable on application) at one guinea for single right, and so on in proportion to the number of shares taken up. At the expiration of the time mentioned the palace, the estate, and the accumulated properties will vest absolutely in the persons who at that date shall be members of the tontine. Upon this principle the executive committee, which includes Lord Frederic Kerr, Sir Wm. Wiseman, Bart., John Parson, Esq., James Goodson, Esq., John Borrodaile, Esq., John Aldin Moore, Esq., Granville R. Ryder, Esq., Charles Magnay, Esq., and Robert Fowler, Esq., propose to open this most desirable resort for the people. As a sort of preliminary step the committee, the trustees (Messrs. John Clutton, John Hackblock, and John Horatio Lloyd), and a number of other gentlemen met in the elegant structure at Muswell-hill, for the purpose of propounding their scheme. An elegant *déjeuner* was served (under the personal superintendence of Mr. Simmons, the chief manager of Spiers and Pond), at which nearly two hundred gentlemen sat down, presided over by Sir William Wiseman, Bart., who was immediately supported by Lord Frederic Kerr, Mr. John Borrodaile, Mr. John Parson, Mr. Charles Magnay, Mr. George Painter, Mr. Robert Fowler, Mr. M'Kenzie, Mr. J. H. Lloyd, Q.C., Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. Charles Severn, Mr. Henry Blackburn, Mr. Hume Williams, the Rev. Dr. Brown, Mr. George Cruickshank, Mr. Collingridge, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Willis, Major Tolma, Mr. Dixon, the secretary, &c.

The Chairman having proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts,

Mr. Lloyd, one of the trustees, proposed "Prosperity to the New Undertaking." In the course of a lengthy speech he referred in felicitous terms to the naturally picturesque position of the Alexandra Palace, which, he said, commanded on all sides the most extensive, varied, and beautiful views of the surrounding country—views that were undoubtedly not equalled in any other locality. After observing that the building in which they were then seated had been erected with the material of the Exhibition of 1862, and that it had been designed to suit the purposes for which it was intended, he detailed its dimensions. The learned gentleman afterwards addressed the company in his capacity of trustee. He said that before accepting that responsible trust he had thoroughly investigated its terms. He had found the proposed basis of operation in every particular so highly satisfactory that he at once entered into the compact with the fullest confidence of the scheme becoming in due time one of the greatest on record. Of this he felt persuaded, if only from the fact of the peculiarly advantageous situation of the Alexandra Palace. There were on all sides of the building handsome and spacious terraces, on which, and on the ornamental slopes adjoining them, stood many large and handsome trees, giving relief and effect to the building. The terrace on the north-west side, 1,000 feet long and 160 feet wide, supported by Italian arcades, covered a noble railway station, from which access would be had directly to the building at the ends of the three transepts, and to which station all the railways of London would ultimately be brought. There were also covered carriage entrances at the ends of the nave, communicating by an easy drive with the public roads, while adjoining the building, and commanded by the southern slope of the hill on which it stood, was the racecourse, with a grand stand replete with all conveniences, and the largest in Europe. There were also cricket, archery, &c., grounds, with their appropriate buildings and accommodations; and the extensive park was laid out in agreeable carriage drives, walks, and avenues, interspersed with flower gardens, while a large portion of these grounds were, through the great ability of Mr. Mackenzie, their landscape gardener, retained in all their rugged beauty, so that an inhabitant of London, only six miles from his home, could readily imagine himself 200 miles in the heart of the country.

The Chairman then proposed "The Press." He paid a high tribute to the independent character of the press, and appealed to the fourth estate to endorse what was good in the scheme, if they could see in it, as he hoped they would, something to the advantage of the great toiling population of London.

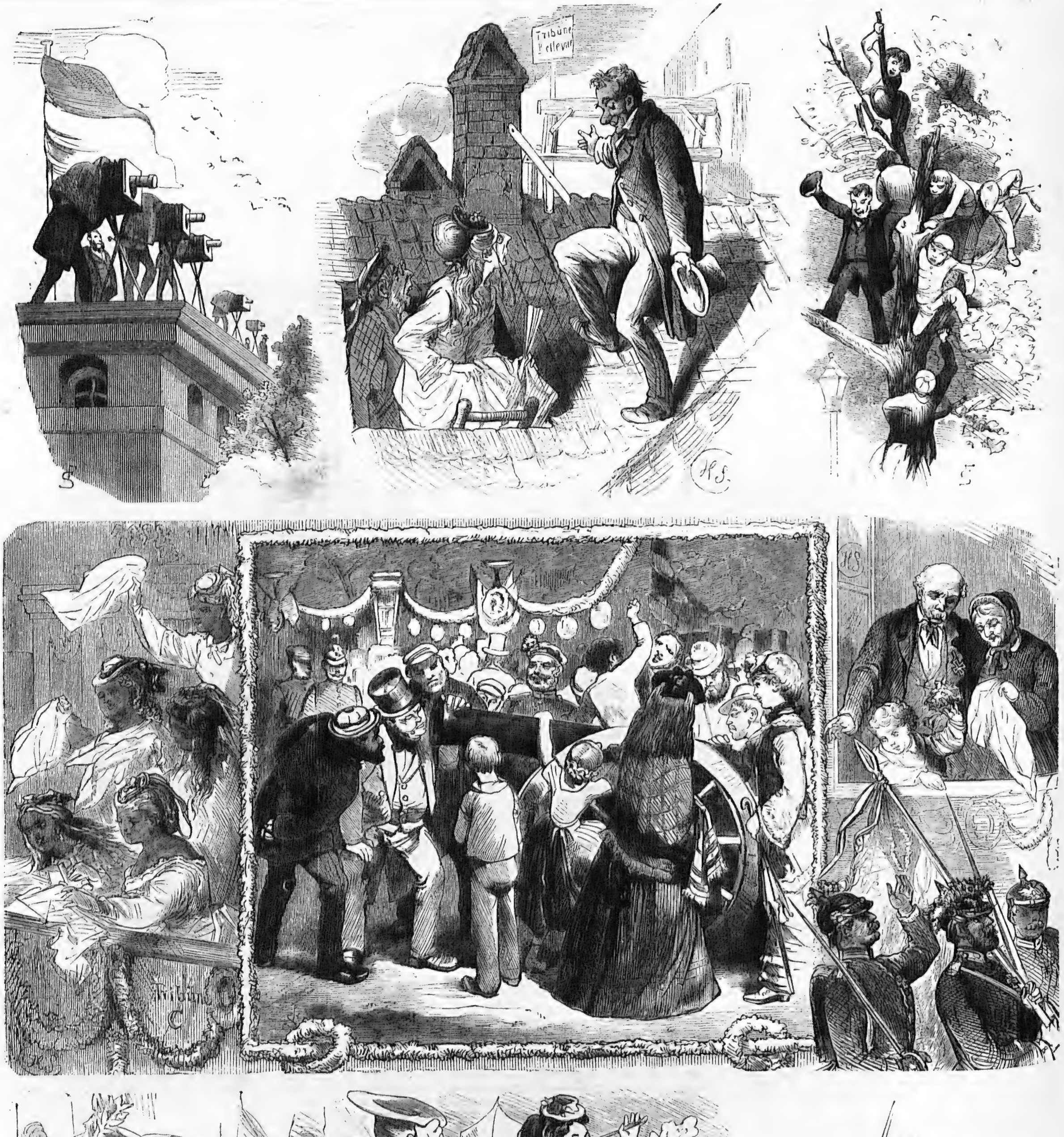
Mr. Joseph Hatton (whose health was coupled with the toast), in responding, expressed a feeling of embarrassment in representing his brethren of the press on this occasion, seeing that the power of the press rested that day chiefly in daily journalism, with which he was not connected. This feeling did not, however, extend to the position he would take with regard to the Alexandra Palace. It seemed to him only necessary for the ingenious and attractive scheme of the directors to be known to be heartily accepted by the country. They could not lay too much stress upon the fact that within fifteen minutes of King's Cross the people of London would find fresh and pure air at Muswell-hill, combined, he hoped, at no distant date, with an institution which would give them many of the attractions of the Crystal Palace with the educational advantages of South Kensington.

The Chairman next proposed the health of Mr. George Cruickshank, who, in responding, predicted for the Alexandra Palace a glorious future, pregnant with importance to the working population, not only of North London, but of the Great City generally. He believed this institution would give to the public great educational advantages, together with pleasant recreation and fresh air. He could hardly imagine a finer situation than that which the Palace occupied, and the scheme was one that commended itself to all who felt an interest in the welfare and happiness of the working classes.

Mr. John Horatio Lloyd proposed the health of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, a gentleman whose name had been largely and beneficially associated with various movements in the interests of the public.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in responding, advised the directors to send commissioners into the country to explian the purposes and object of their magnificent scheme. He had himself not the slightest doubt of its success, and he believed when the plan was worked into shape that the large cities of the empire, such as Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bristol, would copy it. In a few years' time the Alexandra Palace scheme would be repeated in many other parts of the kingdom. No institution within his recollection had so strong a claim upon the public. The healthy situation of the Palace, the admirable proportions of the building, the facilities which would be given for going to and fro, would make the Alexandra Palace one of the most popular recreation grounds of the metropolis.

Several other toasts were given, and after luncheon Mr. Arthur Sullivan gave practical proof of the great powers of the organ built by Mr. Willis. The acoustics of the building were perfect. Mr. Sullivan expressed his perfect satisfaction with the Palace in this respect. We believe it is the intention of the directors to give a series of entertainments at the Palace with the view of general publicity. There are many thousands of persons in London who never heard of the Alexandra Palace; there are many thousands who imagine that it only exists upon paper. The Palace has been built for six years, and is in every way an admirable structure.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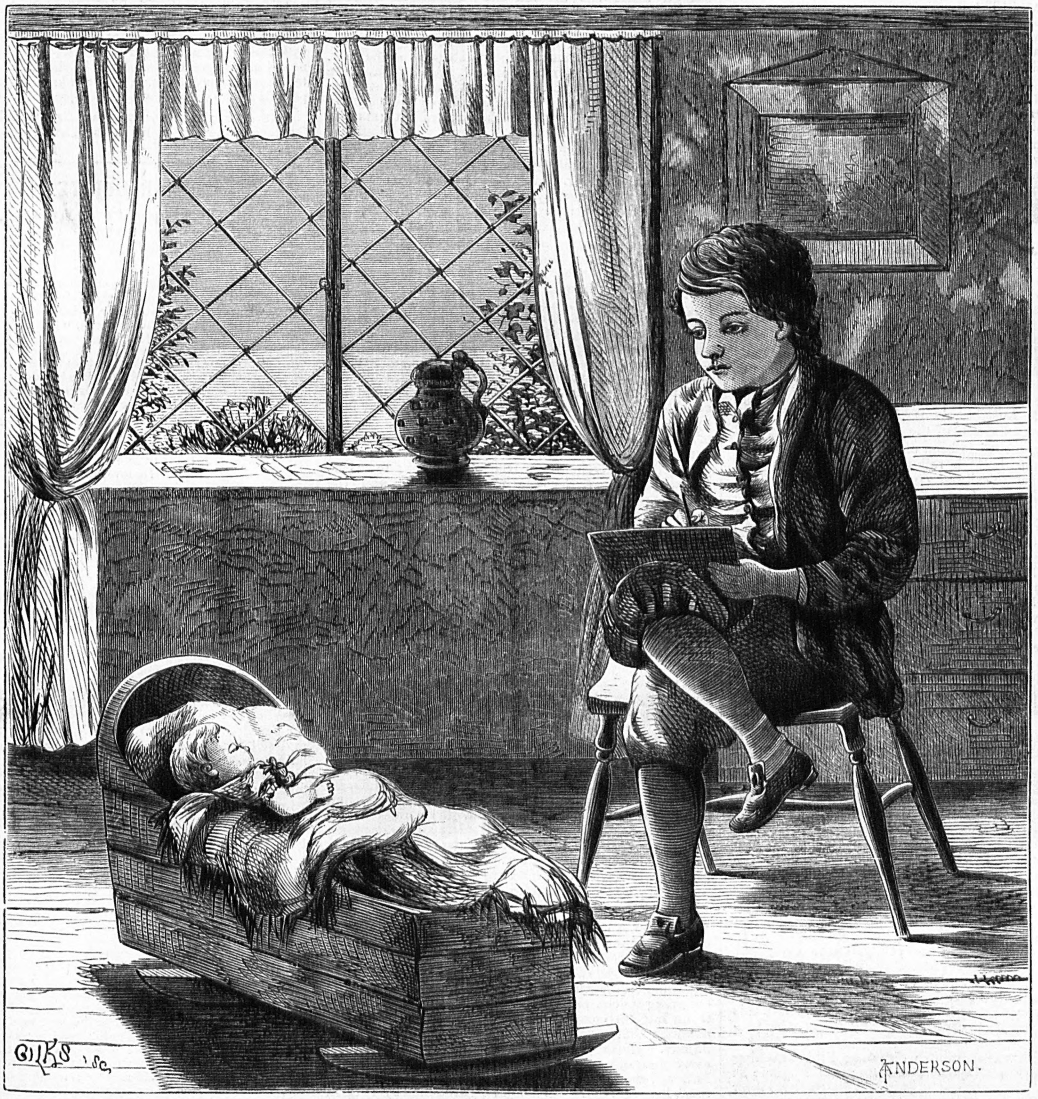
PEACE REJOICINGS AT BERLIN: THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

THE BOY ARTIST.—BENJAMIN WEST.

A boy sketching a baby in a cradle is the subject of our picture on this page. It is an incident in the early life of Benjamin West. "There is a history in all men's lives," but they are not all worth repeating. As a rule the careers of literary men and artists are not deeply interesting. Study necessitates a life recluse and makes one day very like another. Of course there are exceptions. When a man's path is lined with stumbling blocks, and he has more and greater difficulties in the way than others, we always like to learn how he slew the giants that confronted him. If he fought well and conquered we admire—if he fought bravely and fell we sympathise. In any case such a biography is always instructive and entertaining. "Therefore 'tis with full happiness that we will trace the story of"—Benjamin West.



THE BOY ARTIST: An Incident in the Life of Benjamin West.

In 1667 West's ancestors became Quakers, and emigrated to America. John West, the father of our boy-artist, remained behind until he had completed his education at the Uxbridge Quakers' school; he then followed his family to Philadelphia, and married one Sarah Pearson, whose grandfather was the friend of William Penn. Benjamin West was the youngest of their ten children, and shortly before his birth his mother was taken ill while listening to an impressive and rather violent sermon, preached in the open air by their minister, one Edward Peckover; Mrs. West was so affected that she continued ill for twelve days, when the future President of the Royal Academy was born. The circumstances of his birth were considered remarkable, and a sort of halo was thus early thrown round the boy both by the minister and his father. The minister especially predicted future fame for the boy Benjamin. Although much was looked for, nothing, however, happened till his seventh year, when little Benjamin was placed with a fly-flap in his hand to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister. As he sat watching by the cradle, the child smiled in her sleep; he was struck with her beauty, and seeking some paper, drew her portrait in red and black ink. His mother returned from the garden where she had been gathering flowers, and seeing the boy wished to conceal a paper from her, snatched it from him, exclaiming to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally!" She then took him in her arms and kissed him fondly. The drawing was shown to her husband, the prediction of Peckover recurred to his fancy, and he expressed his hope that the boy would become one day very eminent. If he meant as an artist, it was not so clear, as there were neither paintings nor prints among the primitive people of Pennsylvania. This wilderness had certainly its picturesque tribes, who presented a school of nature for the study of the naked figure; when he was eight years old, a party of roaming Indians paid their summer visit to Springfield, and were much pleased with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds, and fruits, and flowers, for in such drawings many of the wild Americans have both taste and skill. They showed him some of their own workmanship, and taught him how to prepare *red* and *yellow* colours, with which they stained their weapons; to these his mother added indigo, and thus he became possessed of the three primary colours. The Indians, unwilling to leave a boy in ignorance of their other acquirements, taught him archery, and thus enabled him to shoot the birds who would not *quietly* sit for their likenesses. The wants of the boy-artist increased with his knowledge. He could draw, and he had obtained colours, but how to lay these colours on he could not well conceive; a neighbour told him it was done with brushes made of camel's hair, but as there were no camels in America, he had recourse to the cat, from whose back and tail he supplied his wants. The cat was a favourite, and the altered condition of her fur was attributed to disease, till the boy's confession explained the cause, much to the amusement of his father, who rebuked him more in affection than in anger. Better help was, however, at hand. One Pennington, a cousin, and a merchant, was so much pleased with the sketches of his relative Benjamin that he sent him a box of paints and brushes, with a canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Grayling. This present so excited the boy that he could not sleep; he rose at dawn and carried canvas and colours to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and began copying. He absented himself from school, laboured secretly and incessantly for several days without interruption—this produced a visit from the schoolmaster, and introduced his mother to his newly-made studio. Her anger subsided as she looked upon his performance. He had avoided copyism, and made a picture composed from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and coloured with a skill and effect which was to her sight surprising; she kissed him and promised to intercede with his father to pardon him for staying away from school, and went to the master to beg that he might not be punished. In his ninth year he accompanied his relative Pennington to Philadelphia, and painted a view of the banks of the river, which attracted the attention of a painter named Williams, residing there; and this man's pictures were the first works of art the boy had ever seen; he was so affected that he burst into tears, and the artist Williams, like the preacher Peckover, declared that West would become a remarkable man. His father was struck with his growing intelligence; his sketches and drawings were now openly acknowledged, and that he was destined to become a great artist grew more in the opinion of his family.

West was now fifteen years old, but his education had been sadly neglected, owing to the reasons before mentioned, and it is stated that he was the first President of the Academy who found spelling a difficulty.

He now for a time became a soldier, and joined the troop of General Forbes, and proceeded in search of the relics of that gallant army lost in the desert by General Braddock. In these journeys he found the subjects of many future pictures—he was called home suddenly by the dangerous illness of his mother, and arrived in time to receive her blessing.

We must pass over rapidly the time of his visit and stay in Rome, the wondrous impression that city produced upon his vivid imagination; with his introduction to the blind Cardinal Albani, and the many celebrities of the Roman city. His noble simplicity gained him friends wherever he went.

At Parma he was elected a member of the Academy—an honour which Florence and Bologna had conferred before. He came to London 20th June, 1763, without any intention of remaining in England, and visited the various collections of pictures; became acquainted with Reynolds, took chambers in Bedford-street, Covent Garden, and set up his easel. Through Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York, he was introduced to King George the Third, and became a great favourite with the monarch and the Queen.

A change was now being effected in British art, and in his picture of the "Death of Wolfe," West put his figures in natural instead of classic costume. Our boy-painter had now by steady industry, combined with his original genius, attained the summit of his ambition, and was eminently successful in his calling. So regular were his hours of labour, and so carefully did he calculate his time, that to describe one day is to speak of years. He rose early—studied before breakfast—began to work on one of his large pictures till ten o'clock, painted till four—dressed, saw visitors, dined—recommenced his studies anew.

On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds he succeeded to the President's chair, and the King wanted to knight him, but the painter respectfully declined.

Thus the great old man passed on calmly and steadily, living as ever a blameless life, and at sixty-four years old he was as composed and determined as in his youth; having sketched and painted in oil upwards of four hundred pictures, mostly of an historical and religious nature, and at his death he left more than two hundred original drawings in his portfolio.

HOME AND ABROAD.

A MEETING was held at Wigan on Saturday, at which it was resolved to form a nine-hours' league. Several trades have joined the league.

A RIOT occurred on Saturday at Goldsboro (North Carolina) between negroes attending a political meeting and the police. One negro and one policeman were killed, and several wounded.

A NEW YORK telegram says rumours are current of the surrender of several prominent Cuban civil and military functionaries to the Central Department.

THE works for restoring and repairing the walls and gates of the *enciente* of Paris are being actively pushed forward.

THE weekly mortality in Paris has decreased from 859 to 778, according to the returns for the week ending the 28th July. No case of cholera is reported.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF BRAZIL AT BIRMINGHAM.—The Emperor and Empress paid a visit to Birmingham last week. They terminated their visit on Tuesday morning. They travelled by the Great Western Railway, leaving for the old-fashioned Roman city of Chester. They were attended to the platform by Mr. Reeves, the Brazilian Consul, and by Mr. Hall, proprietor of the Great Western Hotel, to whom the Emperor and Empress expressed their high satisfaction at the arrangements which had been made for their comfort.

Figaro announces the death of Mr. Brinewood Potts (until a few years ago Adjutant of the Hon. Artillery Company), well known in connection with the illustrated papers; also, of late, scenic artist at Her Majesty's, the Alhambra, Astley's, and lately of the Royal Court Theatre, where he painted "Randall's Thumb," "Creatures of Impulse," "Which is Which?" &c. Mr. Potts was connected with the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER almost from its commencement as the *Illustrated Midland News*. He was an excellent landscape draughtsman. Our readers will probably remember as among his best newspaper drawings "Lichfield Cathedral," "Chatsworth," "The Old Manor House," which have appeared in these pages. Mr. Potts had many friends, and was deservedly respected and esteemed.

THE *Eastern Budget* states that at the instance of England, a searching inquiry will be made in both halves of the Austrian monarchy as to the development and organisation of the International Society.

AN arrangement has been made that the *concessionnaires* of the Turkish railways shall be guaranteed against any future railway competition. It is likewise stipulated that the tariff of the Turkish-Servian lines shall not be less than those of the Bosnian line.

THE Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Mansel) died suddenly on Monday morning at his residence in the City. The cause of death was the bursting of a blood-vessel in the head. The great bell of the Cathedral tolled in the forenoon. Dr. Mansel was the eldest son of the Rev. H. L. Mansel, Rector of Cosgrove, Northamptonshire, and was born in 1820. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and at St. John's College, Oxford. He graduated B.A. in Easter Term, 1843, first class in classics and mathematics; was ordained deacon in 1844, and priest in 1845. He was Bampton Lecturer in 1858; was appointed Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in 1859, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford in 1867, and Dean of St. Paul's on the death of Dean Milman, in 1868.

THE Persian Minister in London denies that there has been any famine in Persia. A dearth, he says, was experienced for some time, but it was only in the provinces adjoining the Persian Gulf that it was serious. The nomad tribes have suffered bitterly this year, and, being deprived of all means of subsistence, have repaired in crowds to the towns. There, by direction of his Majesty the Shah, and at his expense, the means have been organised of supplying assistance to this wandering and suffering population. With this view, public monuments have been turned to account. One of these in particular, the tomb of Hafiz, contains as many as 800 poor or infirm persons who have been received and fed there. In other places assistance has been given to everybody coming up. As regards cholera there is no occasion to take any exceptional notice of it. Every year, at the period of excessive heat, the imprudent consumption of fruit gives rise to a certain number of cases, and this number has not been exceeded in any remarkable proportion.

PRINCE OSCAR of Sweden dined on Friday evening with the Emperor Napoleon and Empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst, and afterwards paid a visit to the *Times* office. On Saturday forenoon his Royal Highness was at home to receive special visits, and gave interviews to Admiral Sir William Hall, the Rev. Mr. Storjohann, Baron Beaulieu (Belgian Minister), the Rev. Mr. Fröst (Chaplain of the Swedish Legation), and Mr. Disraeli. After luncheon Prince Oscar paid farewell visits to the Earl and Countess of Rosse and the Duchess of Inverness at Kensington Palace, and afterwards went to the Crystal Palace, where the Prince and attendants dined. On Sunday morning the Prince left Charing Cross for Dover, and embarked for Ostend, whence his Royal Highness proceeds to Gothenburg, having promised to be present at the regatta there this week.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* recently returned from Heligoland writes:—"The cry of separation from Great Britain and annexation to United Germany has not yet been raised in Heligoland. I think that a party exists who would like to sever the British connection, if that could be followed by independence. They would then restore their wrecking customs, re-establish gaming tables, and make the island a little hell in the German Ocean. I believe, however, that the majority are conscious of the actual benefits they owe to British rule, and are anxious to maintain the existing connection."

A NEW camp has just been formed in the neighbourhood of Paris at Villeneuve l'Etang.

THE *Imparcial* of Madrid declares that the Radical party will oppose the International Society, but it denies that any act of legal prosecution has occurred in any way against the members of this association. It adds that such prosecution would be impossible without resorting to the preventive system, which is contrary to the spirit of the Constitution of 1869.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *North German Gazette* says that several shopkeepers in Paris exhibit in their windows two pictures, the idea of which has been beyond all doubt suggested by the well-known ballad, "Le bandit calabrais." In the first we see an aged peasant woman, with her back to a wall, in the act of being shot by a detachment of soldiers; in the other a young girl, in a theatrical attitude, points out a bloody mark on the same wall to a youthful soldier returning from some fight with his arm in a sling, while the above-mentioned damsel informs him—"There they shot your mother!" With a view to give *actualité* to his productions, the shrewd artist has dressed the females as Alsatian peasants and the soldiers as Prussians. As a matter of course, the ignorant and credulous Parisians are not only fully persuaded that the incident really occurred during the late war, but that the painter was on the spot, and sketched the groups from nature. Another favourite subject at this moment for hungry artists and printsellers is the imaginary arrival of whole villages of imaginary emigrant Alsatians at the Strasburg railway station, where they are welcomed by a crowd of imaginary Parisians, who overwhelm them with still more imaginary kindness and pecuniary assistance.

THE funeral of Mr. Frank Matthews took place at the West London Cemetery at Brompton on Saturday. Among the mourners were Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Charles Mathews, jun., and Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

THE special correspondent of the *Daily News* in Algeria writes that the revolt of the Beni-Menasser appears to be getting more serious than was at first anticipated. Marengo, an unfortified village distant only eighty-six kilometres from Algiers, and thirty-eight kilometres from the railway station of Blidah, is menaced. Zurich, a little village of about 300 inhabitants, ninety-nine kilometres from Algiers, and fifteen kilometres from Cherchell, is surrounded, as well as Cherchell itself, a somewhat important seaport town for Algeria, lying at a distance of 114 kilometres west of Algiers by road and considerably less by sea. Cherchell is reached by land by way of Blidah, Marengo, and Zurich, so that all kind of communication with it, except by sea, is completely cut off. The Government appears to consider the position of Cherchell and the surrounding towns as somewhat critical for the Francs-tireurs; and the Artillery Society of Algiers as well as the troops of the sub-division of Miliana have received orders to hold themselves in readiness. The sub-division of Miliana is declared to be in a state of siege.

FEARS of a wet harvest, says the *Magnet*, are again being entertained. The crops have been laid in some districts; but we are not apprised of any irremediable damage being sustained by the crops. Wheat on well-farmed lands will certainly be an average crop, notwithstanding that on inferior soils the yield promises to be indifferent, the wet weather having had a very injurious effect. Barley will be a good average. The yield of oats will vary much. In some districts large crops will be secured, whilst in others it will be much less. On the whole, however, an average crop is expected. Beans, as well as peas, continue to promise well. Roots have greatly benefited by the abundant moisture, and an unusually heavy yield is looked for. Hay-making has been brought to a conclusion. The crop is heavy, but no small proportion has been carried in indifferent condition. The pastures are looking very well, and cattle can readily obtain a fair feed. Rye and oats are being cut. On the Continent considerable progress has been made with harvest work, and the result, generally speaking, is not satisfactory. In America harvest is progressing favourably, and nothing has occurred to mar the prospect of about an average crop.

THE Thames Embankment difficulty will, the *Observer* believes, be settled by a compromise, the Crown ceding its rights to the reclaimed soil to the Board of Works at a moderate price.

IT is stated by the *Levant Herald* that Lord Dalling has sounded the Turkish Government with the view of obtaining its consent to the transfer of the Suez Canal to an English company, and that in principle he has obtained that consent, subject, however, to certain conditions. These conditions are that in order to have some guarantee of its own military rights over the Isthmus, the three forts begun by the Khedive at Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez shall be garrisoned by Turkish troops. The *Levant Herald* thinks that nothing could be fairer than this proposal, but it doubts whether the Khedive will view the matter in the same light.

DR. DOLLINGER has been elected as Rector of the University of Munich.

THE scheme broached at Versailles to effect a fusion between the Moderate Left and the Extreme Left parties has completely failed. The committee on the budget are assiduously considering the different plans for raising the necessary revenue. It is said that a majority is in favour of an income tax; a proposal to tax incomes arising from Rentes is now under discussion. The Minister of War has submitted to the committee a supplementary credit of 218,000,000 francs.

THERE is a report, the *Siècle* says, that during the vacation of the French Assembly M. Thiers will make a journey through France for the purpose of visiting the principal fortified places. He will be accompanied, it is said, by several generals who are members of the Committee on Fortifications.

A LARGE chimney at the corner of Cathedral Yard, Manchester, was struck by lightning on Saturday, and considerable damage was done, but no loss of life occurred.

ACCORDING to the latest advices, yellow fever had entirely disappeared at Buenos Ayres.

THE manager of the South Eastern Railway has received from Boulogne an approved form of "permis de séjour," which the French authorities require all excursionists to Boulogne and Calais, and visitors intending to make a temporary sojourn at those places, to be provided with. The permit will not admit of the holder passing into the interior beyond Boulogne or Calais, and it must be signed by the traveller and also by a magistrate, and will serve in lieu of a passport.

THE President of the United States has appointed Judge Fraser, of Indiana, to be the United States Commissioner under the Washington Treaty, and the Hon. Robert S. Hale, of New York, attorney, to be the agent for receiving the claims of American citizens against Great Britain. Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, will, at the request of the Government, proceed to America to settle the legal details of the Treaty of Washington.

THE proposed siege operations at Chatham on August 4th are postponed indefinitely.

THE *Australia* arrived at Southampton on Saturday with the China mail and 2,000 tons of tea, contained in nearly 40,000 packages. This is the first full cargo of tea brought by the China mail packets. The weight in pounds of the tea was about 4,500,000.

THE *Bristol Mirror* has a heading "Tichborniana" for items of news relating to the Tichborne case.

MARGUERITE.

Alone amid a garden's fragrant mazes
A maiden strays, herself the fairest flower;
Careless she stoops, and plucks some bright-eyed daisies
To try her fate, and while away the hour.
"He loves me," whispers she, as in her fingers
She takes a petal, and then lets it fall—
"Loves me a little—madly"—here she lingers,
But sighs with the last petal, "Not at all—
He loves me not at all!"

"Ah, cruel daisy! hopeless thus to leave me,"
She cries, and treads the stalk beneath her feet.
She takes another: "Does my heart deceive me?
Then, daisy, leave me to the sweet deceit!
He loves me—loves a little—loves me madly!"
Like flakes of snow the petals softly fall,
Till one alone remains; then, very sadly,
She plucks the petal, sobbing, "Not at all—
He loves me not at all!"

Weep not, poor maiden! though thy life be lonely,
Soon happier days may be for thee in store.
Try one more daisy, one more daisy only;
The answer may be kinder—weep no more.
"He loves me;" and the tear-drops almost blind her,
As with her tears the tiny petals fall.
"He loves thee!" cries a well-known voice behind her;
"He loves thee madly—loves thee all in all—
He loves thee all in all!"

MODERN ANTIQUITIES.—Jewels, golden images of their gods, and charms of great value are frequently found in immense quantities here in Egypt, buried with those of the richer class, and securely wrapped in the cloth of the mummy: the urchins and vagabonds of the country manufacture *imitations* of these antiquities, and sell them to the unwary traveller as genuine. I have heard that at Birmingham there is a great manufactory for these antiquities, which are sent out in shiploads and sold wholesale to the villages which boast of temples.—*The St. James's Magazine.*

LONDON v. DUBLIN STOUT.—The experiment of using imperial measure in bottling beer has proved eminently successful, the consumption of the article having increased to an enormous extent. This result must be highly satisfactory to the great brewers who have adopted the system, because it shows that there is a determination on the part of the public to patronise the London firms, especially when the article and the measure are both unexceptionable. A great and well-known Irish firm until lately monopolised the London market for bottled stout, the reputed pints and quarts being accepted on account of the goodness of the contents; but, since the system of giving imperial measure has been pursued by the London brewers, a competition has arisen, which promises a result greatly to their advantage. The draught stout of the Messrs. Whitbread has for years been acknowledged to be the best in the metropolis; there is no reason whatever why it should not be equally good when placed in bottles, and it seems strange that it did not command a preference from the first; but recently a great change has taken place, and now its consumption is increasing so rapidly that there is no question but that it will certainly secure the lead in the market. A little more than twelve months ago large premises were opened by the Messrs. Whitbread, at 26, Worship-street, Finsbury, by Mr. Robert Baker (their sole agent), entirely for bottled beer, and at that time were considered large enough for all practicable purposes; but the great reputation which this *specialité* of this well-known firm has obtained has necessitated a change, and the immense building situated near the King's Cross end of Gray's-inn-road, and known as St. George's Hall, will, in the course of a few weeks, become the head-quarters of Mr. Baker.—*Globe.*

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 348. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street, the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

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Invite an inspection of their new stock of high-class Coloured Gold Jewellery.

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WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.
Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

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SINGLE TEETH FROM 3s. 6d.,

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Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE,
No. 142, for AUGUST, Price 1s.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER:

1. "A Week in the West. From a Vagabond's Note-Book."
2. "Patty." Chapters XLI.—XLVI.
3. "The Descriptive Poetry of Chaucer." By Stopford A. Brooke.
4. "A Diplomate on the Fall of the First Empire." By Charlotte M. Yonge.
5. "The Development of the Common Law." By Albert V. Dicey.
6. "Marie." By Mary Cross.
7. "Mr. Whymper's 'Scrambles Amongst the Alps.'" By Leslie Stephen.
8. "A Sunset on Yarrow."
9. "A Day with the Pies." By Chas. Buxton, M.P.
10. "The State Papers of France." By J. Pitt Byrne.

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£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

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FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager.*
May, 1871. [370

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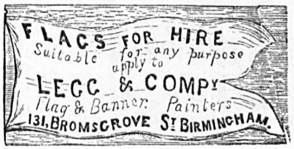

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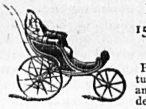

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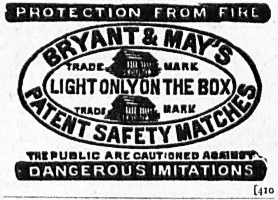

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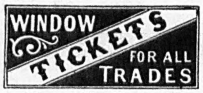

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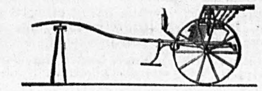

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